DIGEST

The Religious Issue

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NOVEMBER, 1960 . 35c

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NUMBER 1	The Religious Issue: an Un-American HeritageLife Old quarrels and fears are part of the "national unconscious"	14
25 • NUN	Dear Ann Landers:	21
VOLUME 2	The Pilgrim Mothers	25
	Romano Guardini and the New AgeDouglas Auchinchloss He builds bridges from art, literature, and science to religion	35
, 196	After-Hours PsychiatryWall Street Journal Now mental patients can stay on the job while receiving treatment	41
MBER	The Courage of Kansas City	43
NOVEMBER, 1960	A Little Girl's Heart Is MendedSister Edna Marie, C.S.A. A step-by-step report from the operating room	49
_	The Seventh Work of Mercy	55
NTS	A Flagpole for Helen	58
CONTENTS	The Ladies of Bethany	63
	Eyes and Ears of the U.SBaltimore Sunday Sun A Central Intelligence Agency in 1941 could have prevented Pearl Harbor	67
/ 1	'Broadway Is My Parish'	73
S	That House on Pennsylvania Avenue	77
c Dig	A Big Sister for Angela	80
HOLIC	Hero at the Keyboard	85
B.		

(Continued on page 4)

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found-let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians. Chapter 4).

90

94

101

106

109

112

129

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.





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Visit to 'Outback, Down Under'

Film about Australian sheep drovers blends excitement, tenderness, drama.

The Sundowners is the first Holly-wood motion picture to present an authentic view of life in the Australian "outback," where kangaroos outnumber people, landscapes vary from lush greenness to hot, arid, clay land, and the untamed civilization is strongly reminiscent of America's pioneer West. The time is the mid-1920's. The theme: the rough-and-tumble adventures of a family of itinerant sheep drovers.

The cast includes Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum as Ida and Paddy Carmody (she wants a real home; he wants to keep on the move); their son, Sean (Michael Anderson, Jr.), and their amusing English friend, Peter Ustinov. Glynis Johns, Dina Merrill, plus an impressive cast of Australians, also contribute brilliant performances.

Sundowners is director Fred Zinneman's first film since *The Nun's Story*, and an exceptional, warmly dramatic job it is. It is one time when moviegoers should be grateful that Technicolor was invented—the scenery is literally overwhelming—and for all who

Songs relieve the drudgery of ranch living for Ustinov, Johns, Kerr, and Mitchum.



are interested in seeing how part of the "down-under" side of the world lives, this Warner Brothers release is a must.

From the other side of the world comes Heaven on Earth, a J.B. Film Enterprises release, distinguished chiefly by the handsome views it presents of Rome and the Vatican. The American-Italian co-production has a slender plot about a young U.S. tourist and her Italian guide who resents all Americans: he thinks his mother was killed by them during the war. Places of interest shown in the course of the film include the Colosseum, the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the Sistine chapel, St. Peter's, the Vatican grottos, and the Cloisters of San Lorenzo. The Rome Symphony orchestra provides the music and both the Sistine and St. John Lateran choirs are heard.

RECORDS

Sooner or later, everything is put on records. Now new altar boys, altar boys in need of brushing up on their responses, and parents anxious to assist altar-boy sons can listen to the helpful **Altar Boy Drill Record,** featuring the voice of young Michael Berry. The 45 RPM recording is available from Drill Record, Box 443, Davenport, Iowa, at \$2 a copy. Schools and organizations can order at \$1.60 in groups of six or more.

The Festival Singers, famed Midwest choral group, on a new RCA LP recording titled **Praise to the Lord** provide almost a full hour of richly inspirational music including such favorites as Ave Maria, Panis Angelicus, and the Hallelujah Chorus. Available only from Stemper's, 1000B Potter Ave., Milwaukee 7, Wis., \$3.98 pp.



Photographer James Blair poses scene in an original Emmitsburg classroom for "Mother Seton" film in which Mary Alice Miklancie (below) has title role. Appropriately, she is Seton Hall girl.



TELEVISION

Ready for showing on educational TV channels across the country is a unique 45-minute documentary film titled **The Life of Mother Seton.** For it, a group of talented young Pittsburgh performers vividly re-enacted the life of the foundress of the Sisters of Charity. (Already declared Venerable, Mother Seton may be the first nativeborn U. S. citizen to be canonized.)

John Ziegler, producer in charge of special projects for wQED in Pittsburgh, sparked the original idea; Mathias von Brauchitsch, wQED staff member, was writer-producer; and Sister Rosalie, S.C., head of Pittsburgh's Diocesan Radio and TV school, was coordinator. Actual filming was done at five locations, including Leghorn, Italy, and Mother Seton's home base, Emmitsburg, Md. The highly professional film is now available through the Radio-TV Dept., Pittsburgh Diocese, Boulevard of Allies, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

For the benefit of "parents who realize some control over youngsters and TV viewing is needed but who are not sure how to go about it," the International Catholic Association for Radio and TV recently offered seven rules.

1. Children should not watch TV more than two hours a day. 2. Horror programs should be forbidden for children at any age. 3. Children should be taught that certain programs are reserved for grownups. 4. No TV at mealtimes. 5. Parents should try to awaken youthful appreciation and reaction, not let child be just a passive observer. 6. They should register approval or disapproval of programs regularly by writing to networks. 7. They should demand that there be no children's programs after bedtime.

CATHOLIC TREASURY WIT AND HUMOR

Edited by PAUL BUSSARD and the Editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST With an Introduction by PETER LIND HAYES

At last, the book prepared especially for the readers of the Catholic Digest—THE CATHOLIC TREASURY OF WIT AND HUMOR. The best jokes and anecdotes appearing in the Catholic Digest since the magazine's founding in 1936 have been collected into this one handsome volume by Father Paul Bussard and the editors of the Catho-

lic Digest for your enjoyment. It is a book chockful of chuckles and snorts as well as warm human fellowship, with jokes and anecdotes by famous humorists such as Art Linkletter, Joe E. Brown, H. Allen Smith, Frank Sullivan, Art Buchwald, Phyllis McGinley, Jean Kerr and hundreds of others. Not only will such famous people make you laugh, but here are contribu-

tions from hundreds of persons like the rest of us who set down what they laughed at about themselves, about the great and near great, about life in small parishes, family living, the animal kingdom, the world of arts and letters, wearers of the cloth. and even small fry. Peter Lind Hayes, in his introduction to THE CATHOLIC TREASURY OF WIT AND HUMOR, has this to say about the book: "I can guarantee that you'll find this collection of humorous sayings, gags, anecdotes and yarns culled from the pages of the Catholic Digest diverting indeed. They run the

gamut from bright sayings of bright youngsters and witty barbs of the great and near great, to heartwarming humor from home and parish, plus a wide variety of boffolas from literature, theater and other assorted aspects of civilization." Really—this is a nine-ring circus of all our incongruities and absurdities a bright and beaming gift to a harassed world a book to be kept on your bedside table beside the aspirin, benzedrine and soothing syrup. It may be good for what ails you. Obtain your copy of this rollicking collection of jokes and anecdotes. Just fill in and mail the coupon below for your copy. A perfect gift for a friend, too. Order today!





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In Minneapolis, a banker and a publicity man teamed up to launch a smart idea: Baby Announcement Suckers. Reasoned the pair: dad has his cigars and mother her announcement cards, but what do youngsters have when a baby joins the family? Their nationally marketed solution: a "Welcome Arrival" pack of lollipops with pink or blue wrappers, proclaiming "I have a New Baby Brother (or Sister)." Pack turns into serving tray for proud tots to tote to school.

Here's a new look in contest prizes: winners of the Vicks' CARE Crusade contest will be designated as representatives of their home states, travel to Europe and the Far East as ambassadors of good will. Vicks hopes to raise a million dollars for CARE, promote more "people to people" understanding.

Remember those old-fashioned baby-on-bear-rug pictures? 1960 babies are posing on sneezeproof ani-



mal rugs made possible by chemistry. Creslan, a new acrylic fiber, produces a soft, silky, washable, nonallergic "fur." This rug, from Princeton Knitting Mills, \$10.95.

Youngsters won't lose these puppet mittens willingly. They have gaping mouths to gobble up snowballs while keeping hands snug. Color: Green and red plaid corduroy with palm of solid green trimmed



with red. Small (1-4 yr.) \$1.75; medium (5-8 yr.) \$2; large (8-11 yr.) \$2.50; and teenager \$2.50. Postage, 25¢. Elder Craftsman Shop, 850 Lexington Ave., New York City.

A new paperbound series by Random House, titled How to Help Your Child in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, provides expert guidance for parents anxious to bolster their children's school progress. Illustrated in two colors, with worksheet problem space and self-testing quizzes, each handbook covers a single elementary grade, 1st through 8th. Order by grade number, \$1 each, from Dept. C4-A, Random House, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York.

Now even dishwashers lead a double life. General Electric has come up with a Mobile Maid dishwasher which can be used as a serving cart. The top has a wide handle and rim, a surface of gold-flecked texolite. Out of sight are extra large rubber casters that make for free-wheeling so the tea cartdishwasher can be easily rolled from table to china cupboard.



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has spare flint,
comes banded in

red, green, black, turquoise. Helen Gallagher, CD, Peoria, Ill., \$7.95.

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce has a series of seven pamphlets telling how citizens can best participate in community planning and modernization. Write its Construction-Civic Development Dept., 1615 H. Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. \$3 for the set, or 50¢ each.

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Kneeling and Standing

We kneel in humility, we stand ready for action

HEN A MAN feels proud of himself, he stands erect, draws himself to his full height, throws back his head and shoulders, and says with every part of his body, I am bigger and more important than you. But when he is humble he feels his littleness, and lowers his head and shrinks into himself.

But when does our littleness so come home to us as when we stand in God's presence? He is the great God, who is today and yesterday, whose years are hundreds and thousands, who fills the place where we are, the city, the wide world, the measureless space of the sky, in whose eyes the universe is less than a particle of dust. He is infinitely high.





He is so great, I so small, so small that beside Him I seem hardly to exist, so wanting am I in worth and substance. One has no need to be told that God's presence is not the place in which to stand on one's dignity. To appear less presumptuous, to be as little and low as we feel, we sink to our knees and thus sacrifice half our height; and our posture speaks to God and says, "Thou are the great God; I am nothing."

Therefore let not the bending of our knees be a hurried gesture, an empty form. Put meaning into it.

On entering a church, or in passing before the altar, kneel down all the way without haste or hurry, putting your heart into what you do, and let your whole attitude say, "Thou art the great God." It is an act of humility, an act of truth; it will do your soul good.

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But reverence has another way of expressing itself. When you are sitting down, and someone to whom you owe respect comes in and speaks to you, at once you stand up and remain standing as long as he is speaking and you are answering him. Why do we do this?

In the first place, to stand means that we are in possession of ourselves. Instead of sitting at ease we take hold of ourselves; we stand, as it were, at attention, ready for action. A man on his feet can come or go at once. He can take an order on the instant.

Standing is the other side of reverence toward God. Kneeling is the side of worship in rest and quietness; standing is the side of vigilance and action. It is the respect of the servant in attendance, of the soldier on duty.

When the good news of the Gospel is proclaimed, we stand up. Godparents stand when in the child's place they make the solemn profession of faith; children when they renew these promises at their First Communion. Bridegroom and bride stand when they bind themselves at the altar to be faithful to their marriage vow.

We may feel at times a sense of constraint in kneeling. One feels freer standing up, and in that case standing is the right position. But stand up straight: not leaning, both feet on the ground, the knees firm, not slackly bent, upright, in control. Prayer made thus is both free and obedient, reverent and serviceable.



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The Religious Issue: An Un-American Heritage

Old quarrels and fears dating from the days before the U.S. Constitution was written are part of "the national unconscious"

INDEPENDENCE DAY of 1787 was filled with grand expectations. The war was won, there now was a new nation to create, and delegates from the former colonies had gathered at Philadelphia for the Constitutional convention. A great parade was held, and among the marchers were "the clergy of the different Christian denominations with the rabbi of the Jews walking arm in arm."

In Article VI of the Constitution the delegates stated that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." They made the Bill of Rights begin with the sentence, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Toleration and separation of church and state became part of our basic law.

But the everyday facts of religious prejudice still persist. In national politics "the religious issue" means just one thing: "the Catholic issue." Where did the anti-Catholic sentiment in this country come from? How has it manifested itself in American political life? How important has it been? How strong is it now?

Present sentiment is mainly the result of 19th-century social and economic forces and, before these, of political and religious quarrels so removed in time and space as to be part of what a psychologist might call "the national unconscious."

During the long reign of Queen

^{*}Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City 20. July 4, 1960. @ 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Elizabeth in England, religious struggles within the country and wars with Catholic France and Spain made patriotism almost synonymous with Protestantism. The early settlers in Virginia established the Church of England as the state church and supported it by public funds. The settlers of Massachusetts were even more deeply Protestant. They were Puritans, so called because they wished to "purify" the English church of every vestige of the rituals and forms it had inherited from Catholicism. The Puritans were intolerant of all other faiths but their own: Quakers, Baptists, and any others who passed their way were hounded out as children of error.

Connecticut was settled in part by freer-thinking Massachusetts Puritans who were offended by this atmosphere, but even those "liberals" in effect limited the franchise to members of their church. Among all the Northern colonies only Rhode Island allowed Catholics full civil rights.

This early New England fear of Catholicism was, of course, inherited from old England. Only a handful of Catholics lived in the whole area, a condition Massachusetts reinforced by decreeing that any priest who crossed the border would be exiled and, on second offense, executed. Maryland had been founded for Catholics by Lord Baltimore. They were always a minority, however,

and in not many years the Protestant

majority banished Lord Baltimore, eliminated Catholics from office, and denied them protection under the law. Virginia followed suit by excluding them from the right to vote or hold office.

In the 18th century the colliding ambitions of England, France, and Spain resulted in a series of colonial wars in America. To the English colonists, beset by Catholic Spain from the south and by Catholic France from the north and west, anti-Catholicism became a matter of patriotism. Maryland passed new repressive laws. New York made Catholics disarm and post a bond for good behavior. Connecticut forbade them office and removed them from the protection of its laws. New Hampshire required all its inhabitants to swear an oath against Rome. Pennsylvania disarmed Catholics and imposed extra taxes on them.

All in all, during early U.S. history anti-Catholicism was among the strongest and most nearly universal characteristics of the people.

But two things soon happened to bring a change. One was the intervention of the old bitter enemy, France, on the side of the American Revolution, making it manifestly illogical to equate all things Catholic with iniquity. The other was that American Catholics proved to be outstandingly loyal to the Revolution. Since there were only about 25,000 of them of all ages, they had no great effect, but note was taken that the men fought well. They even

produced a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of

Maryland.

It was in the warm afterglow of these circumstances that the Constitution makers established liberty of conscience as a principle of the national government. And for more than a full generation afterward there existed an era of religious good feeling, or at least of respectful toleration.

What mainly broke the truce, raising the old fears of popery and injecting the "religious issue" into the politics of the new nation, was a sudden swelling of the Catholic population. By 1807 there still were only 70,000 Catholics in the U.S., but in the 1820's disturbances abroad set off a great wave of immigration.

Mainly the immigrants came from Ireland and the German Rhineland, and since all the Irish were Catholics and a great many of the Germans were, by 1830 Catholics in the U.S. had multiplied almost tenfold to 600,000. This was merely the beginning. Famine in Ireland and new troubles in Germany turned the river to a flood: in the next 30 years Catholics increased by an additional 4 million.

The swarm of foreigners alarmed the small and still new country. The immigrants, the Irish especially, were mostly poor and ignorant. They competed with the old-stock Americans for work and pulled down wage rates. They settled in big-city slums, lived in squalor, and tended to become public charges. The Germans, although generally better off financially and more inclined to spread out into the Middle Western farm regions, had a language barrier that made them seem as strange as the Irish. The old dormant terrors sprang back to life, and the apparition of a popish plot to take over the U.S. again began keeping patriots awake nights.

Thus was born the political phenomenon known as nativism. The nativist argument ran: immigrants are Catholics; Catholics obey the Pope; hence immigration should be stopped and Catholics already here should be barred from office because they can't be fully loyal Americans.

"Native American" political groups formed in the 1830's and 40's finally evolved into a secret society, the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner. This name was revealed to its members who, when asked about the organization, replied that they knew nothing-a policy which earned them the popular name of Know-Nothing party. Members had to be native-born Protestant Americans dedicated to "checking the stride of the foreigner or alien, of thwarting the machinations and subverting of the deadly plans of the Jesuit and the papist."

The Know-Nothings profited from the election of 1852. The immigrant and Catholic voters supported the Democrats, who won with Franklin Pierce. In a spirit of revenge many Whigs threw in their lot with the Know-Nothings. By 1855 some 75 congressmen bound by the Know-Nothing pledge had been elected. The party controlled eight states, and seemed headed for the White House in 1856.

Its candidate then was former President Millard Fillmore, a man of peculiarly mixed fortune and dim motives. He heard in Rome that he was to be the Know-Nothing choice just when he had asked for and received an invitation for an audience with the Pope. With such ambiguous leadership, and with the genuine issue of slavery arousing the passions of the country, the Know-Nothings lost their great chance. Fillmore got 874,000 votes to 1,341,000 for Republican John C. Fremont and 1,-838,000 for the Democratic winner, James Buchanan. The party rapidly fell to pieces after this defeat and disappeared entirely during the Civil war.

As the 19th century ended and the present century began, there were signs that the anti-Catholic tensions were easing and a new era of good feeling might be developing.

There had been, of course, considerable reaction to belligerent Archbishop John Hughes of New York. In contrast, by the 20th century the outstanding members of the American hierarchy were Baltimore's James Cardinal Gibbons and St. Paul's Archbishop John Ireland. They were friendly toward the public-school system and squarely on record as fav-

oring-for America-the separation of church and state.

Catholics in this country, Cardinal Gibbons said in 1909, "prefer its American form of government before any other.... They accept the Constitution without reserve, with no desire, as Catholics, to see it changed in any feature." Gibbons became a revered national figure, and in 1911 the celebration of the 25th anniversary of his cardinalate drew leaders of many faiths.

In 1928 there seemed, for the first time, to be a real chance of a Catholic becoming President. Al Smith's re-election in 1922 for a 2nd term as governor of New York converted him-by the natural laws of U.S. politics-into a contender for his party's next presidential nomination. However, the times also had produced a new and thriving anti-Catholic organization, the Ku Klux Klan, which was destined to be the most powerful force of its kind ever seen in the U.S. The great sickness of the Klan - Catholic hatreds, centering around Smith's candidacy left scars felt to this day in private and political life.

In its propaganda the Klan had used all the old anti-Catholic frauds—that terrible immoralities went on inside convents, that the Knights of Columbus had a blood oath to kill all Protestants—plus genuine historical evils of the Church.

The "religious issue" in the campaign was not all on this level, naturally. Many people needed no stories of Romish iniquities to hesitate about voting for a Catholic. They could disbelieve or discount the stories and still feel an uneasiness hard to justify in rational terms, a sedimentary mistrust that had sifted down to them through the generations. And there were others, of course, who had intelligent doubts and who challenged Smith on the highest levels of debate in such responsible forums as the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Smith, an average Catholic, was no better equipped to get into ecclesiastico-political arguments about Catholic doctrines than the average Presbyterian about the doctrines of John Calvin. He stuck to the funda-

mentals of the situation.

His summarizing statement in the Atlantic deserves to be remembered. "I believe in the worship of God according to the faith and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I believe in the absolute freedom of conscience for all men and in equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right and not as a matter of favor.

"I believe in the absolute separation of church and state and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . . I believe in the support of the public school as one of the cornerstones of American liberty. . . . I believe in the principle of noninterference by this country in the internal affairs of other nations and that we should stand steadfastly against any such interference by whomsoever it may be urged. And I believe in the common brotherhood of man under the common fatherhood of God."

Such a clear and eloquent declaration presumably had a reassuring effect on intelligent honest doubters. But to those with a KKK mentality it was simply one more clever disguise assumed by an agent of popish con-

spiracy.

Al Smith, of course, did not lose the election just because of the "Catholic issue." He was a "wet" when the predominant sentiment of the country was still "dry." He was a big-city man when the country was still mainly small-town and rural in fact and in heart. Even worse, he had come up through a big-city political machine, Tammany Hall, associated in the popular mind with corruption. His formal education had been limited; his accent and social manners were thought to be unworthy of the White House.

His opponent, Herbert Hoover, was everything commendable that he was not: village born, well-educated, great engineer, nonpartisan humanitarian, famous administrator. Besides all this, 1928 was Republican Boom Times, and it is another

part of the natural law of American politics that a national party is not voted out of power in times of peace and prosperity.

So Smith was not defeated because of his religion. His religion was, however, one of the causes of his defeat—unquestionably an im-

portant cause.

There are still those such as the Southern Baptists who plainly and bluntly doubt that a Catholic can be trusted to maintain religious equality in the full spirit of the Constitution. But this view has declined in favor of what might be called a "theory of

relativity" about Catholics.

Dean John C. Bennett of the Union Theological seminary, a leading source of modern Protestant thought, recently put the matter this way. "Roman Catholicism varies remarkably from country to country. The major error of those who specialize on the dangers of Roman Catholicism is their tendency to assume that the Church is a vast monolithic system effectively controlled by a master plan at the center. The fear that Roman Catholics in American public life may be agents of such a centralized system is without foundation. It does not take account of the record of Catholics who do hold many of the highest offices; they do not conform to a single pattern but are divided, as are other Americans, on most public issues."

In other words, as Bishop Pike pointed out in *Life* last winter, the rational question to ask about a Catholic presidential candidate is not "Is he a Catholic?" but "What sort, kind, and variety of Catholic is he?" Is he a Catholic in the tradition of the militant Archbishop Hughes, or in that of conciliatory Cardinal Gibbons? Once a candidate has satisfactorily established himself as being in the latter tradition, according to this view, then his religion as such should cease to be a factor.

This general viewpoint is accepted by the National Council of Churches of Christ, the official association of the major Protestant denominations, and it seems to have filtered out through a large part of the whole electorate. Most people are ashamed to admit directly to anti-Catholic or any other religious bias. Tolerance is a popular virtue. This does not mean, of course, that voters actually will practice it, but living evidence shows that under the proper circumstances they do. The evidence consists of 12 Catholic U.S. senators, 90 representatives, and ten governors.

Few of the incumbent governors, senators, or congressmen could in practice have been elected by "the Catholic vote" alone. Generally speaking, they were elected for the same reasons and have given the same standard of service as Protestants. This in turn has tended to reduce the remaining prejudice and to accustom Protestants to the idea of a Catholic in high office.

But when the presidency is at stake, the old night fears begin to

come back. They are not often expressed in the gross terms of the past: of the Pope cabling orders to the White House, or even of any really strong dislike of Catholics. But among a great many people there is a lingering, basic feeling of mistrust. In a survey done for Life magazine last winter, 39% of the sample voters agreed with the statement, "It is probably best for the country to have a Protestant for President." Among Protestants sampled, 73% agreed with the statement that "in any issue in which the church takes a stand, a Catholic President would find it difficult to go against the policy of his church."

How can such figures be reconciled with Senator Kennedy's successes in the state primaries?

The West Virginia primary outcome was a flaming embarrassment to the political reporters, pollsters, and pundits who nearly to a man anticipated Kennedy's defeat on "the Catholic issue." Even Kennedy had reconciled himself to it. There was -and unquestionably still is-a widespread feeling in West Virginia against "a Catholic President," and nowhere was this so clearly evident as in the coal-mining counties of the South. Yet Kennedy carried the state by the landslide score of 60% to 40%, and he ran as well in the coal counties as elsewhere. How could this happen?

There was no single reason, of course. In politics there rarely is. That Kennedy had a great deal of

money to spend (and spent it) while his opponent had little, that his campaign was excellently organized, that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., stumped the state, associating Kennedy with the sainted memory (among the miners) of F.D.R., Sr.-all these certainly counted. Obviously so did Kennedy's qualities as a speaker, handshaker, political personality,

and public leader.

There were plenty of reasons, but the most important reason was this: the main problems of the state are economic, centering on wide and chronic unemployment, and most voters concluded that Kennedy was a better bet than his opponent to bring relief. A large number of basically anti-Catholic West Virginians in effect performed two mental steps: 1. they looked at Kennedy as an individual Catholic and decided that he was all right, and 2. they weighed their remaining fears of Catholicism against other factors and decided that the latter counted more.

In other words, when all was said and done, they made their choice on nonreligious grounds. There are many good nonreligious reasons to vote for Kennedy and many good nonreligious reasons to vote against him, just as there are for any candidate for public office. If these nonreligious reasons become the decisive factor in a presidential election, then, regardless of who is elected, Americans will have come quite a long way toward fulfilling the great concept of 1787.

Dear Ann Landers:

Some people think she has a big Roman Catholic nose

Landers won out over 28 professional writers for the job of writing the advice column in the Chicago Sun-Times. The list of newspapers using the column has since grown from 26 to 384 having a combined readership between 30 and 40 million. As the nation's No. 1 mother confessor, she has earned the top spot by working ten to 12 hours a day. Weekly she and her eight secretaries check out the follies and foibles of 1,500 to 2,000 correspondents.

Her approach includes a razoredged wit that leavens the sober advice she hands out. Whether it is a husband organizing the kids to spy on his wife, a mother "vamping" her daughter's husband, or a wife whose bald-headed husband is frequently mistaken for her father, Ann Landers lays it on the line. She has an inerrant ability to spot the phony letters and evaluate the *real* problem bothering the writer. This same touch manages to blunt the Ann Landers needle.

A writer confided that her boy



friend resented her chaste defenses, and complained that he was "fed up with that broken record." Ann replied: "That broken record produces darned fine music. Just keep telling him to behave himself behave himself behave

Ever-ready is the Ann Landers well-sharpened harpoon reserved for wise guys and Casanovas who accuse her of ruining a good thing. It is usually thrust at someone she tags Buster. Here's one.

"I'm a man, 32, good-looking, well-traveled, well-read, interesting company, and a good dresser. I've spent

*221 W. Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. September, 1960. © by the Claretian Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

so much time developing cultural interests that I haven't much money. I want very much to be married. The trouble is when I meet a girl with looks she has no brains. When I meet a girl with brains it's an even bet that her face would stop a seven-day clock. In the past five years I've met a few girls who have both looks and brains but no money. I'm not trying to be funny. P.S. I can send a picture if you want. Eligible Bachelor."

She answered: "Dear Eligible: I have the picture, Buster. Don't send one. I suggest you forget about looks and money and settle for a girl with brains, if you can get one. There should be at least one set in every

family."

She receives assistance whenever necessary from Menninger clinic and also Mayo Psychiatric clinic. Whenever it appears that she is confronted with a problem calling for professional help she refers it to the

proper agency.

She is particularly fascinated at the moment with the psychology of the suicide, probably because she frequently receives letters from real and would-be suicides. In these cases she goes to considerable pains to contact the writer and advise, in essence: don't! She has prevented a suicide by wiring local authorities of the impending tragedy.

Her adherence to traditional moral concepts in her replies has led to the belief—and criticism—that she is a Catholic. In reality she is a 2nd-generation Russian Jew, born Esther

Pauline (Eppie) Friedman, 42 years ago. Nevertheless, a study of her replies supports the contention of her critics that she frequently does follow the Catholic—and Jewish—line.

I expressed admiration for her knowledge of the Catholic moral position and inquired if she is ever

mistaken for a Catholic.

"Am I? All the time! Somebody's always writing and saying, 'Why don't you get your big Roman Catholic nose out of other people's lives?'"

"How is it," I asked, "that you know the Catholic viewpoint so

well?"

"I took instructions in the Catholic faith when I was with the Anti-Defamation league in Eau Claire, Wis. Since I knew I would be working with various faiths I wanted to know more about each one. And by the way, I happen to agree with much of Catholic moral doctrine and I rely on it particularly when I know I am dealing with a Catholic."

"Do you ever consult with Catholic priests on some of your 'Catholic'

problems?"

"Heavens, yes! Do you know Father Gainor? Father Leo Gainor of St. Pius church? He's a dear man. He's always bailing me out of trouble."

Later she produced a fan letter from the Dominican priest which read in part: "More than styles and smiles is the soundness of your workable philosophy. You don't beat any bass drum for a 'cause' or a 'cult,' but, for instance, when you speak about marriage outside one's religion you walk on firm ground without carrying a torch for Catholic, Protestant, or Jew; you show a comprehensive over-all concept of this difficult problem, one which we, as Catholics, can travel along with you."

She is obviously proud of this

letter.

A reserved manner is not one of her characteristics. But she did hesitate when I asked her whether she detects any evidence of the moral training her Catholic correspondents presumably received. It was obvious she does not.

Playing God (so to speak) for thousands of inquirers could crush a less formidable woman than the terse and witty Ann Landers. She has learned the fundamental psychology of interpretation, i.e., that many of her correspondents know what is expected of them but want to be told. Some resent it, as did the young girl who wrote her: "If you agree with my mother again I won't write you any more." Even so, Eppie will plunge in where the letter writer fears to tread. She has learned, too, how to be passionately and compassionately interested in the plights of her readers without becoming personally involved.

"The minute I do that," she says, "I will be of no use to them."

Many of the more than 2,000 letters she receives each week are requests for the Ann Landers pamphlets available for 10¢ to 20¢. Typical

titles are: Teen-Age Smoking, How to Live With Your Parents, What to Expect from Marriage, How to Be Date Bait. As expected, the pamphlets are an extension of her trenchant style, with the wit and humor artfully placed throughout the sober advice.

In her booklet What to Expect from Marriage she writes: "I firmly believe that one of the reasons for the mounting number of divorces is that a great many people who marry have no idea what to expect. American boys and girls are brought up with fantasies of romance and perfection. They envision wedded bliss as they see it portrayed in the movies, in the love magazines, and in the silver advertisements. Too many youngsters go into marriage thinking that life is a bowl of cherries—then they choke on the pits."

Her booklet How to Be Date Bait reflects the religions' united opposition to mixed marriages. In it she paraphrases Father Peyton's famous slogan. "Remember," she writes, "the family that can pray together has a much better chance to stay to-

gether."

In her advice to teen-agers on the dangers of premarital sex she wrote a beautifully analogous passage that might well have come from a Paulist pamphlet rack. "To express affection is natural. It is part of God's plan. These feelings are not nasty or evil. They are beautiful and essential to a full, good life.

"But these feelings are delicate

and should be handled with care. You wouldn't take your fountain pen and pry open a can of beans with it, would you? Why then take tender emotions and use them as a toy for purely physical enjoyment? Your emotional machinery, like a fine pen, will become twisted and of little value if abused."

With adults who write her on this point she is less delicate. "It (premarital sex) is wrong because it violates the moral code. The primary purpose of complete physical love is to bring children into the world."

This is not to say that the lady keeps a copy of St. Thomas Aquinas at her typewriter as standard equipment or that she does not occasionally cross swords with the Catholic clergy. On one occasion she received not a few knuckle raps from priests and nuns who objected to advice she gave to the mother of a bright 17-year-old boy. The youth, his mother informed her, was widely read but currently seemed to be reading doubtful texts he obtained at the library.

The Ann Landers column suggested that he be permitted to read whatever he wished. Then came the brickbats. In her defense Father Gainor pointed out that she intended to make an exception in this case only for an above average and mature young man. However, in answering the letter in her column, she gave the impression, unwittingly, that she approved unrestricted reading by teen-agers.

Her personal life is devoted to her husband, Jules Lederer, a business executive, and her 20-year-olddaughter, Margo. Margo attends Brandeis university, where, according to her mother, she is majoring in anthropology-"and boys." The Lederers have little social life, Miss Landers does most of her work in their fashionable Lake Shore drive apartment in Chicago. When she is not on a lecture tour she is hard at it to keep six weeks ahead in her columns. She sets an alarm clock to signal bedtime on these homework occasions.

She personally reads all letters except booklet requests and makes certain that each receives a personal reply. She dictates answers to many and outlines suggested replies to her secretaries.

Lunch for Miss Landers usually consists of soft-boiled eggs, toast, coffee, and "about half a box of candy." Eppie, incidentally, neither drinks nor smokes. Willy, her maid, she considers her "very dearest friend." With an assist from Willy she finishes dinner preparations, particularly the creative aspects involving sauces and seasonings. Cookbooks are on her personal Index.

But what about Ann Landers' personal problems? Who advises her? "Why, my daughter, Margo, of

course," she laughs. "She's terrific!"
To the boys at Brandeis university
we can only say that if she is anything like her brainy mother, look
out, Busters!

The Pilgrim Mothers

The rigors of pure pioneering fell more heavily on them than on the fathers

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS endured more than the Pilgrim fathers.

When the Mayflower sailed from England Sept. 6, 1620, the 102 passengers were jam-packed into its crude confines: 19 married men, 25 bachelors, 18 married women, one spinster, and 39 boys and girls. Who do you suppose took care of those 39 children during the 66-day crossing in a vessel whose only sanitary facility was a bucket, where hot food was a rarity, and fresh water strictly rationed?

Recall the inferior status of women of the 17th century and the Pilgrims' endorsement of that condition. You can well realize that the 39 children must have been almost wholly the exasperating responsibility of the 19 women aboard the rolling ship.

The trials of the Pilgrim mothers began even before they sailed. Some of the families were necessarily separated; several fathers and mothers left their children behind; others took the children and left the wives; and a few husbands sailed alone. The two women who gave birth on the Mayflower (one baby stillborn) had an extra burden no one could share with them.



We gain a truer appreciation of the Pilgrim women if we first understand the Pilgrims. Contrary to popular myth, there was not a drop of blue blood on the *Mayflower*. The Pilgrims were a lower-class group of poor, many illiterate, religious dissenters who journeyed to the New World primarily in quest of better economic opportunities and self-government.

Stripped of all romantic exaggerations and unfriendly distortions, the Pilgrims stand out in many ways as remarkable. They were adventurous, as proved by their hazardous voyage to a mysterious land. Their determination to survive speaks eloquently of their courage and energy. They dealt honestly with the Indians, and in an age of intolerance they were friendly and generous to many non-Pilgrims who visited their commu-

nity.

Plymouth colony was indeed dominated by a theology commanding that life be lived according to a rigidly literal interpretation of Scripture. Yet the Pilgrims loved controversy in lively language and extracted whatever pleasures they legitimately could from a hard life, including beer and "strong waters." Do not confuse them with the later-arriving Puritans, whose austerities and fanaticism they avoided.

Within this framework of peril, hardship, and unyielding theology in the first permanent settlement in the New World that was independent of capitalist or king, the Pilgrim mothers spent the brief span of life

left to most of them.

In fact, Dorothy Bradford, the young wife of William Bradford, the colony's second and most famous governor, did not even live to set foot ashore in the new land. She fell overboard and drowned while the *Mayflower* was at anchor awaiting return of a group searching for a settlement site. Authorities speculate that despair and terror may have driven her to suicide—a sin so terrible to the Pilgrims that they might well have refrained from recording such an occurrence.

However trying the 66 days at sea may have been, the four months following their first sight of land must have been in many respects even worse for the Pilgrim women. It was that long before the last passengers left the ship.

But even when everyone was ashore at Plymouth the women walked into unexpected extra burdens. To provide housing as quickly as possible, the group was divided into 19 households (remember, 18 women went ashore at Plymouth), the single men joining the family of their choice until more houses could be built.

Domestic complications would seem to have been inevitable in the hastily erected daub-and-wattle excuses for homes. (The Pilgrims never built log cabins!) That no serious consequences were ever mentioned is evidence of the isolated community's common bond of poverty and danger, the self-discipline their theology imposed, and the Pilgrim women's habitual acceptance of male-decreed inferiority.

Consider the mortality figures of the Plymouth community during its first winter. An epidemic of undetermined nature wiped out four entire families; only three marriages remained undissolved by death; more than half of the heads of households died. But the mortality was so high among the women that only five out

of 18 survived.

The epidemic's threat to the colony's continuance was gradually dissipated by the practice of prompt remarriage after death of a spouse. In May, 1621, after the disease had

spent its force, Plymouth had its first marriage-always performed by the governor, never by clergy or in church-when a widow of three months with two children, Susanna (Fuller) White, wed a widower of less than two months, Edward Wins-

Quick remarriage no doubt was approved by Pilgrim widows since they were denied all employment except domestic service, thus making widowhood a fearsome prospect.

Even under the most favorable conditions the early years would have been difficult. But the Pilgrims' mistakes and their failure to accommodate promptly to conditions compounded their hardships. Their plan to ship furs, lumber, and fish to England in exchange for food and other necessities never fully matured.

These farming people had never fished or hunted game: two abundant sources of food at their doorsteps which they failed to use because fish and game were not part of their customary diet. Moreover, the nets and hooks they brought with them were inadequate for the cod that abounded, and few of the men knew how to handle the difficult guns of the period. They arrived well equipped to build houses and cultivate gardens, but they lacked the things necessary for subsistence upon what they could raise in the New World: beasts of burden, plows, carts, and harness.

And yet when obliged to eat fish

and game they complained of starving, and when their beer ran out they indignantly protested that water was a harmful drink. It is nowhere related how the Pilgrim women, who did all the cooking, managed in those circumstances of dangerously scarce supplies and unreasonable grumbling. But the burden of making do with what was on hand must have been chiefly theirs.

The first autumn following their arrival the Pilgrims reaped a good harvest. Since their houses were built, and the colony was healthy, they celebrated the first Thanksgiv-

ing dinner.

This famous feast, utterly unlike its innumerable sedate successors, was probably like an outdoor barbecue, since the 51 Pilgrims had Massasoit and his tribe of 90 Indians as their guests. They gorged on venison, roast duck and goose, eels, clams, other shellfish, leeks, water cress, plums, berries, hasty pudding, wine, and certainly "strong water" if any was left. No mention is made of turkeys, which roamed wild in the woods, or of cranberries from neighboring bogs, or of pumpkin pie.

There is no reference to the labors of the Pilgrim women in serving such a meal for some 140 people. Indeed, there were several meals, because the celebration lasted three days, and included sports, drilling, singing, and dancing-the dancing only by the Indians, since the Pil-

grims disapproved of it.

However, soon thereafter food

again became a serious problem with the arrival from England of 35 more Pilgrims without tools, clothing, or food. Everyone was promptly put on half rations. There was an acute shortage in the summer of 1623 (the colony's third), when still another contingent arrived. The latest comers wrote to England that the colonists were "in a very low condition, many ragged in apparel and little better than half naked."

The grim problem of subsistence would be burden enough; but Pilgrim idealism and forbearance was such that it survived in addition an ecclesiastical system that regulated most aspects of daily life and applauded spying, talebearing, and accusations among the colonists as a means of enforcing the decrees. The Pilgrims seem to have enjoyed watching each other, perhaps in the absence of more wholesome diversions. One man was punished for working in his garden on Sunday, another for hunting a deer on Sunday, another for writing a letter on Sunday, another for smoking in the street. Profanity, and firing a gun at night "save at a wolfe or for a man lost" were forbidden, and "idlers" were anathema.

But the Pilgrims never succumbed to the witchcraft hysteria of nearby Puritan communities. The two instances of charges of witchcraft were dismissed, and one of the female accusers was fined and whipped. Nor did they execute Quakers and other "heritiques," or legislate against "gay apparel," as did the better-educated and more prosperous Puritans.

Pilgrim severity and peculiarities are perhaps best illustrated by the regulations governing marriage and the relations between the sexes. Adultery was a crime punishable by death at Plymouth, but the extreme penalty was never exacted. The punishment administered, however, was severe enough to discourage the promiscuous. "Goodwife" Mendame, convicted of seducing an Indian, was "whipt at a cart's tayle through the town's streets, and [required] to wear a badge with the capital letters AD cut in cloth upon her left sleeve . . . and if shee shall be found without it abroad, then to be burned in the face with a hot iron."

Pilgrims, believing that a child was born nine months to the day after conception, punished any couple that had a child less than nine months from their wedding day. Sometimes they would allow a three or four-day difference. The "guilty" husband and wife were publicly placed in the stocks beside each other, and sometimes given a session at the public whipping post. Later, when they became convinced of premature births, the Pilgrims revised the law to seven months, but only after hundreds of innocent and puzzled couples had been humiliated.

Since it was 50 years before Plymouth had a common school, the instruction of the young was up to the parents, most of whom could not read or write. This problem was part-

ly solved by the Pilgrims' conviction that education of girls was wasted effort, and a threat to male domination. Besides, insisted the Pilgrim fathers, woman's mission was to cook, spin, sweep, sew, wash, and bear many children—and to grieve over the high infant mortality resulting from poor housing, faulty diets, and a lack of medical knowledge and care.

No wonder a visitor reported the women "pitifully tooth shaken" and aged beyond their years. Gravestones at Plymouth tell of many young wives dying prematurely, some with four or five infants buried next to them. And yet as late as 1667 John Cotton, a Harvard educated Plymouth minister, was thundering against women as the chief source of sin and privately rebuking them for "pride, increase of sensuality, and too much neglect in the education of children."

Although visitors deplored the dreary social life at Plymouth, they may have been more depressed by the community's hostility to beauty in music, art, furniture, and clothing—a hostility encouraged by the necessity for extreme frugality. In the early years these poor country people

had no choice but to wear simple clothes of coarse materials, but there is no evidence that men wore the tall ugly hats and women the unadorned hoods tradition has invented for them.

When the Pilgrims did at last conquer poverty they apparently were glad to don garments of silk, satin, and linen in a variety of blue, violet, red, green, and purple, in addition to the more usual gray, brown, white, and black. And those who could afford it indulged in laces, ruffs, petticoats, napkins, tablecloths, sheets, and handkerchiefs.

By the time the Plymouth colony was absorbed into the Massachusetts colony in 1691, the 73-year-old community had demonstrated that men and women of character and courage could come to the New World, and without capital or government support build a freer and better life for themselves than was possible in the land they left.

And their saga indicates, when it does not specifically reveal, that the Pilgrim mothers played a more vital role than either history or tradition has usually accorded them. Certainly their role was in many respects the more burdensome one.

GROWING PAINS

Margaret had been warned to be on her best behavior, so mother was upset when she asked our new neighbor's age.

"Oh, I'm a little older than your mother," was his tactful reply.

Margaret ran her eyes up and down our portly guest, then remarked in her most grown-up manner, "My, you're large for your age, aren't you?"

Ernest Blevins.

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THE OPEN DOORS

In 1958, a farmer friend had given all his chickens to our missionthe Copper Valley school at Glenallen, Alaska. One summer night, replacing Sister Cook, I was busy preparing 30 of these chickens for Sunday's dinner when a busload of tourists stopped at our door. Before I could present a more acceptable appearance, the tourists, teachers and nurses, surrounded my workbench. They asked many questions regarding the work of our Order, the Sisters of St. Ann, here at the school in the wilderness founded by the Jesuit Father John Buchanan and elsewhere in the 49th state.

A few days later, a physiotherapist from San Francisco, one of the visitors, wrote to inquire if we would accept a pair of willing hands to help with the chickens and other work. She would pay her own traveling expenses. Of course, her offer was accepted. A few days later, Marlene Mlaker flew in.

In 1959, Marlene returned for another summer of donated services. Occasionally, she inquired about certain points of our Catholic faith, and at the end of the summer followed the exercises of a closed retreat.

On March 25, 1960, we received a huge card on which Marlene had printed one word: *Joy*. An accompanying letter announced her Baptism. Missioners and chickens, she admitted, had been the Open Door for her.

Sister M. George Edmond, S.S.S.

When I was born in a little Canadian town the doctors gave up all hope of my survival. My mother was distraught: what would be my destiny after death? The nurse in attendance was a Catholic, and explained that if I were baptized, I would go straight to God in heaven.

Ma had never heard of the Catholic Church, but when matters were explained to her more fully, she demanded that a priest be called to "make" me a Catholic. The priest, of course, told her she must promise that if I lived she would bring me up a Catholic.

Thus was I baptized. The crisis passed, and I grew well and strong. Ma never forgot her promise, so every Friday I ate fish while everybody else had meat, and every Sunday ma called me for 8 o'clock Mass, while the others slept late and went to services in the non-Catholic church.

My sisters and brother never let me forget my exalted position as the only Catholic in the family. One day I took a sugar cube from the table, and my brother, scandalized, screamed, "Ma! You said Catholics are good. She's a Catholic and she steals sugar!" Seriously, with them, Catholic was synonymous with saint.

Our neighbors were fine Catholics. My parents had become used to things Catholic because of my special little obligations, and the further example of this good Catholic family led my mother to call the priest at "my" church to arrange for instructions. One Saturday they were all baptized, and the next morning ma called us—all of us this time—for the 8 o'clock. Eventually, 70 years ago, I became a Religious.

As told to Sister M. Honora.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

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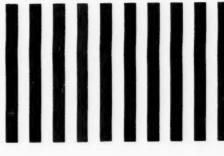
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Romano Guardini and the New Age

The last of the great humanists builds bridges from art, literature, and science to religion

NE OF THE centers of European intellectual life is called by its proprietor the "laboratory of ideas." It is a laboratory far removed from 20th-century technology and teamwork: a three-room walk-up flat in a garden-filled suburb of Munich, West Germany.

Books line the walls. On one shelf stands a slender Gothic Madonna against a background of Florentine red velvet. Opposite stands an Attic marble head of a boy. A baroque silver Christ on a plain wooden cross dominates the room, which is filled with music from a hi-fi tape recorder. The workbench of this "laboratory" is a long Renaissance table beneath three mansard windows; and the man who works there is one of the last great humanists living in our inhuman time.

Msgr. Romano Guardini is 75 years old and frail. Last year he spent five months in the hospital. But his large, dark eyes are as luminous as ever in his white-thatched head, and



Msgr. Guardini

his graceful hands still move eloquently and elegantly as he talks.

That talk has been one of the marvels of his time. Philosophers and scientists have come to listen to him lecture and young men and women have sought him out; peasants and laborers have

found in him a new immediacy of faith; and generations of hostesses have competed for his presence.

He has talked on everything: art and electronics, depth psychology, literature, and the latest trends in movie making. But behind the versatile humanist stands the priest, weaving each strand of civilization into a guideline to God.

Said a 22-year-old admirer recently: "Guardini is the one man who can show that this puzzling time really does have a common denominator. He seems to have a magic insight into the constitution of all things; no one else but he can link them up with the basic tenets of Christianity." As a writer, Romano Guardini is known all over the world. His study of Jesus, *The Lord*, has been translated into seven languages and sold more than 1 million copies. His book on Rilke is perhaps the definitive work on the German poet. Recently, almost every year has seen the publication of another one of his books in America (last July, the Newman Press published *The Conversion of Augustine*). Three of his bookshelves are filled with his own writings. But Guardini is not essentially a writer.

"All my books are only preparations to distribute the spoken word," he says. "For me what counts above everything else is the personal con-

tact.'

Romano Guardini was born in Verona on Feb. 17, 1885. His father, a member of an old and prosperous Italian family, was in the diplomatic service. When Romano was a year old the family moved to Munich, and later to Mainz, where he grew up. He attended the Humanistische Gymnasium, where he is said to have been the most brilliant pupil ever on record. At the University of Tübingen, young Guardini launched enthusiastically into the study of biology and physics, but gradually he began to feel that he was on the wrong track.

"The deeper I went into the study of science," he said later, "the more I became convinced that this was not

the full answer."

Reluctantly, his parents agreed to let him study theology at Freiburg.

He was ordained a priest in 1912.

Guardini elected to become a German citizen at about the same time. Soon after, he found his adopted country at war with the land of his birth.

"I was far from taking this conflict of conscience easily," he recalls. "The only thing that kept me from schizophrenia was the realization even then—that the age of petty nationalism, in coming to its climax, had outlived itself. Germany and Italy were to me but two aspects of a higher reality which was Europe."

In the intellectual and ideological excitement which boiled up in Europe after the war, the young priest set himself to keep the Christian faith in lively competition with the secular fads and fancies of the time. The German literary historian Paul Fechter describes him in his memoirs as "a slender, boyish looking, fabulously handsome man who had a hard time fighting off the invitations which reached him from every literary salon in town. Guardini was then living in a small apartment in the workers' district of Wedding, but to invite him out had become very fashionable. And he was a spellbinder, indeed, sought out by everyone for his penetrating intellect, his wit, his humility, his humanity, and the elegance of his diction."

Berlin's Alexander Humboldt university in 1925 created a special chair for him and gave him its largest lecture hall. Guardini moved to a large house, furnished with antique fur-

niture, Florentine majolica, Greek and Egyptian antiquities, and expressionist paintings. Chauffeured limousines lined the streets outside the university on days he was to lecture. Everybody who was anybody, from society dowagers to Lutheran bishops, came to listen to Guardini on Dostoevski or Dante, Rilke or Hölderlin, psychoanalysis or Scho-

lastic philosophy.

But brilliant cosmopolite was only one side of Guardini. At Rothenfels castle, in the village of Lohr in the Frankish Spessart mountains, he presided over quite another kind of spiritual enterprise: a Catholic Youth movement for young workers, farmers, and students. Guardini has always stressed the importance of liturgy (it was the subject of his first book, in 1918), and in the Romanesque chapel of the castle, Mass was celebrated much as it had been in the early days of the Church, with the priest facing the congregation and the collection consisting of gifts of food and clothing to be distributed among the poor.

Hundreds, later thousands, of young people came to Rothenfels castle from all over Germany to spend days in devotion and discussion with Guardini about how to revive the Catholic faith and relate it closely to everyday life. One Easter, some 400 of them under his direction bound themselves to spend Holy Week in silence and contem-

plation.

Easter Sunday Mass, recalled one

of them later, "was like the Resurrexit after the Crucifixus in Bach's B Minor Mass. We felt the Resurrection with every fiber of our bodies. Afterwards we ate together and drank and danced. There was no frivolity. We were all sure that we knew how the disciples must have felt when they saw the empty tomb."

This work with youth made Guardini an immediate object of suspicion to the nazis when Hitler came to power. Until the invasion of Poland, however, they contented themselves with keeping a close watch on him. Guardini's lectures during this period concentrated on the life and person of Christ and formed the basic material for his best seller, *The Lord*. Today many German Christians remember those lectures, often copied out by hand and circulated among friends, as the brightest lights of those dark days.

After the war broke out, the nazis cracked down. A Gestapo officer appeared in Father Guardini's office one day and announced that his chair at the university no longer existed. In 1941, word filtered out of the inner party circles that Guardini was about to be shipped off to a concentration camp. He fled to the house of a friend in the tiny Black Forest village of Mooshausen, where he spent the rest of the war.

In 1948, after a couple of years at Tübingen university, Guardini was called to the fast-growing University of Munich to lecture in philosophy of religion and Christian ideology.

He says he looks upon the last 12 years there as the crowning of his career.

When the Bavarian Academy of Arts and Sciences sponsored a lecture series on Man in the Age of Technology it seemed only natural that the soft-voiced little priest should give the first address. The largest hall in Munich, the Auditorium Maximum of the Institute of Technology, was filled to overflowing. The first few rows were reserved for dignitaries of church and state. Among rows and rows of young people, old ladies fluttered their lace handkerchiefs. Heads turned to recognize the cream of German intellectual life: philosopher Martin Heidigger, Nobel-prize physicist Werner Heisenberg, poet Friedrich Georg Juenger, painter Emil Pretorius.

Romano Guardini spoke quietly in his soft, singing voice. "Just as the ancient world of Greece and Rome has ended, as the medieval world ended with the Renaissance, so the age that began with the Renaissance, which we generally call the modern age, is drawing to an end. It was an age of science, an age of technical progress, an age of invention and scientific research. Its conception of the world was determined by the precept that knowledge is power, that knowledge is good in itself and knows no limits.

"Today, the sensitive observer is becoming aware of phenomena that point in a different direction. We are standing at the verge of a new age. The modern age has ended with the splitting of the atom and the schizophrenic splitting up of the individual. The two phenomena are but two sides of the same event. They point beyond to a future that will be essentially different, to an era based on other concepts."

Split man, Guardini feels, is more aware of the need for unity and charity in his life than the technological man bred by the Renaissance. This he sees as the great Christian challenge and hope, and in a pessimistic time, Guardini is an optimist. But not a fatuous one. Writes one of his young admirers: "To me, Guardini has always seemed like a reincarnation of a 16th-century humanist. Perhaps Erasmus of Rotterdam had a similar effect upon his contemporaries. Guardini's universalist approach seems to have the key to everything.

"He makes one feel good, but he isn't a bland optimist. On the contrary, the first thing one perceives is an extremely critical mind. Yet he unfailingly imbues us with the courage to deal with the often stifling problems of our time.

"He may speak about atomic science, and one feels he knows all there is to know about modern physics. He may discuss Freud, and one discovers how far he goes in endorsing the achievements of the Viennese psychiatrist, how frankly he discusses the role of sex in life and the Oedipus complex without yielding

an inch of his faith. He can unravel the mystic forces behind the paintings of Paul Klee. He can enlighten one on the obscurities of Hölderlin and Rilke. He can descend into the abyss which is Dostoevski and return safely.

"But he also was the first to demand that we Germans must become aware of our common guilt in producing National Socialism, and no one has spoken more touchingly about our guilt toward our Jewish brethren. And he talks about communism like someone who doesn't only perceive the evils but also the good sides of socialism.

"Guardini seems to control the bridges which lead from art, from literature, from philosophy to religion. I've attended hundreds of his lectures. Listening to him can become habit forming. He provides one with uplift and encouragement which lasts until one is able to see him again. I hate to think of the day when that voice will be no more."

To patrol his bridges from culture to faith, Monsignor Guardini has found it necessary to flee the busy world of Munich from time to time and hole up in his native Italy. The reading matter he took along on one such private retreat is an index to his many-faceted mind: the collected works of Thomas Mann, a volume of the Metaphysical Poets, Dante's Divine Comedy, two Hemingway novels and two by Henry Miller, Heisenberg's Summary of Nuclear Physics, a collection of mystery thrill-

ers (mostly borrowed from people who had invited him to dinner), and the Bible-plus a pile of letters to answer, some plans for television programing he had been asked to comment on, and the manuscript of his latest book.

For Romano Guardini there have been many honors. In 1952, Pope Pius XII appointed him a papal house prelate (the two Italians spent hours together talking philosophy in German). In the same year, he won the Peace prize of the German Book Dealers' association. In 1954, his alma mater, Freiburg university, awarded him an honorary degree, and in 1956 his birthplace, Verona, made him an honorary citizen.

Two years ago, the German government awarded him its highest civilian decoration. Pour le Merite. Wrote the Protestant Basler Nationalzeitung on that occasion: "Guardini's influence now reaches far beyond the realm of his own Church. He has returned faith to circles which had been considered lost to it. The rich, multifaceted life work of this highly intelligent, highly diligent priest has made him into one of the great religious figures of our time."

Guardini's religious emphasis is on

With this issue THE CATHO-LIC DIGEST begins a series of short articles by Monsignor Guardini taken from his book Sacred Signs. See page 12.

the concrete and historical rather than the eschatological aspects of Christianity. Before the "last things," man must shelter himself and eat, found a family and build society, and the Church must teach him to do all this with decency and form. Catholicism for Monsignor Romano Guardini is a privilege but not a free ride.

"Living faith means dynamic life," he says. "Everything, every principle and every commonplace, must be questioned. We must start from scratch and think every problem through from its premises to its last implications. We must never rest with what we have achieved; we must never rely lazily on a given 'truth.' A truly Catholic life is not the easiest and most satisfying, but the hardest, the least comfortable, and the most demanding."

He says that he has tried "to counteract the atomization of ideas"

FLIGHTS of FANCY

P EOPLED: Her hems were always a year too short. Hildegarde Dolson... So henpecked his wife wouldn't let him smoke a thinking man's filter. Sam Levenson... The haves, the have-nots, and the charge-its. Earl Wilson... Memory caught at minnows, let whales escape. Naomi L. Babson... An ace-

which has upset our minds for 150 years. "After all, the world doesn't consist of facts alone. Interpreting it this way either leads to a completely materialistic world, or in revulsion can lead to the pseudomystic ideology which formed the roots of nazism.

"I have often compared faith to a drawn circle. Certainly it is possible to consider this circle only as a line of ink, or a series of dots on one's retina. The ink line and the dots are there. But this doesn't explain the circle.

"For me, faith is the circle, remaining what it is beyond all accumulation of facts, and beyond all over-interpretation of them. I believe that all there is to know in this world has been revealed to us by the words of the Lord. Faith is the automatic center, the Archimedic point from which any problem can be approached and solved."

in-the-hole look on his face. Hugh Cave.

Pictured: From the side he dimly resembles a spider. S. J. Perelman . . . Mountains lolling on the horizon. Ruth Ruskin . . . Clouds still in their pink cotton pajamas. Shirley Jackson . . . The soft, ghostly chuckling of moths. S. J. Perelman . . . A crack-the-whip sort of road. Heather Jimenez.

Punned: Refrigeraiders. Muriel Munro... Story-eyed children. Agnes Wagner... Seer-sucker: one prone to patronize clairvoyants. John Bailey.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

After-Hours Psychiatry

Now it is possible for mental patients to hold a job while receiving treatment

AT THE CLOSE of a hectic business day, a \$40,000-a-year Madison Ave. advertising executive fills his attaché case with papers, and joins Manhattan's nightly exodus.

But instead of catching a train to the suburbs he takes a taxi the short distance to Gracie Square hospital. He is a mental patient there, and he's not alone in leading such an unusual dual life. Other part-time patients are a depressed corporation lawyer, a paranoid garment executive, and a schizophrenic stock broker.

All are getting a new form of treatment for mental illnesses: sleep-in psychiatry. The system was tried on a large scale in 1954 by Montreal General hospital and adopted last year in this country by Gracie Square and its nearby neighbor, Eastview hospital.

The idea behind sleep-in psychiatry is to bring mental patients back gradually to the pressures of everyday living after their initial recovery from a serious breakdown. Day-care centers have long been used for mental patients (usually housewives and

children) who need supervised activities and treatment but who can sleep at home at night. Sleep-in psychiatry works in just the opposite way: the ad man is well enough to



be at his desk for a few hours daily but is not yet prepared to cope with the added pressures of social and family life. Each morning he leaves Gracie Square hospital (which resembles the expensive apartment buildings in its fashionable neighborhood) and goes to his office. Every evening he returns for dinner, a session with a psychiatrist, and a

^{*44} Broad St., New York City 4. June 2, 1960. © 1960 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

round of mentally-restful activities.

A few weeks ago, this man was in an unreal world of fear and self-doubt. His illness was diagnosed as a severe case of anxiety depression. Overwhelmed by pressures of ambition, responsibility, and social status, he retreated from people and decisions, staying home on days when big decisions were due. When job and home life became unbearable, he voluntarily entered Gracie Square, a private psychiatric hospital opened in April, 1959.

Before starting his part-time program, the ad man had to undergo three weeks of intensive treatment, during which he was given heavy doses of tranquilizing drugs. Then came another three weeks of occupational therapy consisting mostly of

painting.

When such care can be used, it supplies important benefits. Costly hospital stays are shortened (the average patient remains at Gracie Square only about 24 days). Recovery is more certain, doctors assert, because work is better for most patients than dragging around hospital corridors with nothing to do. Moreover, explains Dr. Hilliard W. Himes, Eastview's medical director, "Many of our patients have reached

the stage where their jobs are so important to them and they are so important to their firms that wherever possible it is best to get them back to work quickly."

According to the Health Insurance institute, mental illness costs Americans at least \$6 billion a year: half for hospital care and drugs and the remainder in losses caused by absenteeism, substandard perform-

ance, and job turnover.

"Sleep-in care meets a very real need," declares a staff psychiatrist for a large corporation. "There are many people who need more than occasional visits to their psychiatrist but who are not sick enough to be committed to an institution."

Eastview and Gracie Square try hard to create homelike physical surroundings to help ease their patients back to normal life. Rooms are furnished with modern furniture and heavy drapes to make them look more like luxury hotel rooms than hospital quarters.

Gracie Square has 232 beds, and about a third of its patients have "pass privileges." For most, this means visits home, occasional evenings at the theater, or limited community activities. For a few it means several hours daily at the office.



A Texas oil man, unable to find a place to park his Cadillac, gave it away and bought one that was already parked.

Ruth Stocks.

The Courage of Kansas City

A home-grown gumption has marked her character ever since she was a frontier post on the rim of the prairie

AN IRISH PRIEST and 300 of his energetic countrymen literally dug Kansas City out of a rut.

The year was 1856. City leaders had just incorporated their community. More than a few said it was a futile gesture. They pointed to the sheer bluffs that pinched the settlement of 1,000 persons tight against the uncertain banks of the Missouri and Kaw rivers.

This frontier town, with swine running loose in the streets, would never amount to a row of pins, they said. Established towns like Westport, Independence, and Liberty, already wealthy and sedate, would get all the area trade.

But Father Bernard J. Donnelly had no ear for the wailings of the doubters. With advertisements placed in newspapers in New York City and Boston he brought in 300 strong-backed Irish laborers.

He looked on with satisfaction as they cut down the bluffs with shovels and picks, vanquishing the massive walls that had stifled the city's growth. Ravines to the south became roads along which the city would grow.

When the work was done, the

men stayed on. They became the nucleus of Father Donnelly's parish, that of the Immaculate Conception, the first established in the new city.

The priest's faith in the struggling community at the confluence of the two rivers was entirely justified. To-day Kansas City and its suburbs form a complex of cities and towns in five counties and two states. The complex, called Greater Kansas City, has a population of 1,058,000. Kansas City, Mo., has 547,000; Kansas City, Kan., 131,200; and Independence, Mo., boasts 57,100, including its first citizen, former President Harry Truman. There are 84 other incorporated entities in the area.

Now for the problem that has been lowering the marks of geography students for years: why is Kansas City in Missouri?

When the town's original name, Kansas, was chosen (it didn't become Kansas City until a reincorporation in 1889) no state of Kansas existed. The name, taken from a tribe of Indians in the area, belonged just as much to Missouri as to the grasslands to the west. The problem was compounded in 1886 when Wyandotte was renamed Kansas City,

Kan., with no natural barrier between the two cities. The state line runs through the stockyards, several buildings, and roughly down the center of a street to the south city limits.

The main business district in Kansas City, Mo., is about 12 blocks south of the Missouri river. Twelfth St., the street that inspired Euday Bowman to write his Twelfth Street Rag, slices through it from east to west.

The historic cross-town street passes in front of the 30-story city hall (highest in America), past the resplendent 843-room Hotel Muehlebach, past the headquarters of the American Hereford association. At night an internally lighted 20-footlong plastic model of a Hereford bull shines down from a 90-foot pylon over the 238 acres of stockyards, where thousands of his kind bawl out their loneliness.

Twelfth St. zigzags over viaducts



Pioneer Mother statue in Penn Valley park, Kansas City, Mo.

across the bottoms and on to Kansas City, Kan. The Missouri city's oldest landmark on the western skyline is the copper dome and cross of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at 11th St. and Broadway.

Two of the main stems, north and south, are Main St. and Grand Ave. Main St. runs south past the Union station (third largest in America) and the Liberty memorial, a 217-foot shaft, the pinnacle of which gives off a smoke like a trail of steam. It was dedicated by President Calvin Coolidge to the memory of the American soldiers of the 1st World War. The late Will Rogers said it would make "a pretty good-looking silo." Many Kansas Citians agree.

Grand Ave. is the widest of the downtown streets because Col. James McGee, an influential early settler, insisted that it be wide enough for him to turn his buggy around without going to a corner. If Colonel McGee were still around today with his horse and buggy, he would be pleased with what Kansas

City is doing to its streets.

It has built, or is building, a system of expressways and trafficways that is the envy of many other American municipalities. Nearly every city from the time of its adolescence is beset by a ring of blight that clings to the fringes of its downtown business district. A few years ago Kansas City was no exception. The Old Town in the North End was a patchwork of dilapidated buildings inhabited by itinerant section hands.

The East and West sides were little better.

City planners attacked on two fronts. First they sliced through the heart of the blight with a ring of expressways. Two have been completed, a third is under construction, and a fourth, which will close the ring around the downtown business district, is being planned. Then the city moved in on the sore spots with the one-two punch of the Land Clearance and Redevelopment authority and the Housing Authority of Kansas City.

Five public-housing projects totaling 1,538 rental units have been completed. A high-apartment development now under construction, the first west of Chicago, will produce 738 more. Four active urban-renewal areas embrace 143 acres. This program, designed mostly to rehabilitate commercial areas, has had outstanding success. A 12-story, \$5-million office building now stands where once was a block of dreary, run-down structures. A swank motor hotel graces one side of the new freeway. And the whole area is beginning to perk itself up, trying to keep up with its fancy new neighbors.

Quality Hill, a towering stone bluff too tough for even Father Donnelly's workers, overlooks the great bend of the Missouri and its confluence with the Kaw, On this hill, in

Immaculate Conception cathedral, Kansas City, Mo., the oldest landmark on the city's western skyline. the last century, the city's first families built gracious mansions. But even before the turn of the century, the area began to lapse into decay. Splendid old homes rotted in disuse. Quality Hill became distressed, indeed.

Louis Kitchen, a developer, thought Quality Hill could be born again. Today a row of fine, low-rent, ten-story apartment buildings graces its crown on the western skyline.



From Quality Hill the residents look down across the Missouri river to the municipal air terminal, which is less than a mile from the center of the business district. A new jetage airport, the Mid-Continent International, already is in operation in adjoining Platte county.

The hill overlooks the river bottoms where the earliest settlers cut logs for their homes. They were French fur traders, and for them the great bend of the Missouri was a

natural site for a camp.

The Catholic influence in Kansas City accompanied these earliest settlers, some of whom lived there even before the Choteau family arrived in 1821. The first priests to visit the area were missionaries to the Indian tribes. They also served the spiritual needs of the French trappers and traders in the settlement. Father Benedict Roux arrived in 1833 to be-

come the settlement's first resident pastor.

Father Roux and the Jesuits who served the Catholics in Kansas City after he left in 1835 were greatly aided by the Choteaus. Soon after he arrived, another French family sold the priest 40 acres of land on what is now the west side of Kansas City for \$6 so that he would have some means to support himself.

The first log church was built on this land near the site of the present Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception sometime before 1838. On part of this land Father Donnelly later operated a brickyard. He built a school and orphan's home. The first church of the Immaculate Con-

ception was built in 1856.

The true pioneering spirit burned within Father Donnelly. With letters to Catholic newspapers in the East he brought many Catholics to

Union station and Kansas City skyline from Liberty Memorial monument.



settle along the frontier. In every sense a practical man, he painted no rosy stories, but cautioned the prospective settlers about the hardships they would encounter. Farmers, he said, should stick to the land. City workers should try to settle in the cities.

Thousands of Father Donnelly's Irish migrants settled in Kansas City. Years later they were followed by an influx of Italians and Mexicans. The Italians settled mainly in the north part of the city. The Mexicans congregated on the West Side. Across the state line in Kansas a migration of Poles, Croatians, and other Southeast Europeans swelled the ranks of the Church.

Today about 60,000 Catholics live in Kansas City, Mo., and some 20,000 in Kansas City, Kan. The state line separates them into their respective dioceses. The Diocese of Kansas City-St. Joseph was formed in 1956 by combining the Diocese of Kansas City, established in 1880, and the Diocese of St. Joseph, formed in 1868. Today it encompasses 27 counties in northwest Missouri and has a Catholic population of 135,822.

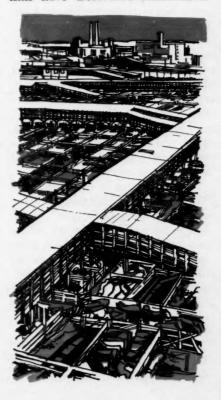
Across the state line, the Archdiocese of Kansas City in Kansas covers 21 counties in northeast Kansas and has a Catholic population of 128,000. Archbishop Edward J. Hunkeler was appointed bishop in 1951 and el-

The vast stockyards and meatpacking center, Kansas City, Mo. evated to archbishop the following

year.

The bishop on the Missouri side of the state line, Bishop John P. Cody, succeeded the beloved Archbishop Edwin V. O'Hara after his death in Milan, Italy, in 1956. There have been but four bishops in Kansas City, Mo. John Joseph Hogan was the first. He was followed by Thomas F. Lillis.

Kansas City has been termed the most "typical" of all American cities. Those who have studied its mannerisms have discovered elements of



the North, South, East, and West.

Yet the city has escaped being just a meaningless conglomerate of the four sections of America. Instead, it has emerged from its tumultuous youth with a character all its own and a spirit that has made the community drive itself relentlessly forward since the days when it was a trading post on the rim of the prairie.

This distinctive spirit was with Father Donnelly and his Irish laborers when they cut down the hills. It was there in the spring of 1900 when the city was preparing for the Democratic National convention and Convention hall burned to the ground.

"We'll rebuild it in 90 days," Kan-

sas City leaders said.

Others scoffed, but 90 days later William Jennings Bryan was nominated in Kansas City's new Convention hall.

The spirit was there in 1826, 1844, 1903, and 1951 when the great rivers swelled up over their banks and left a path of silt-covered destruction.

It was present in farsighted men like William Rockhill Nelson, founder of the Kansas City Star. Nelson fought for a park and boulevard system and city planning which today gain Kansas City recognition as one of the best-designed cities in America.

Although there may be seasonings of other parts of America in Kansas City, the basic flavor is Western. The names of Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Jesse and Frank James, and other good and bad men of the early West punctuate the pages of the city's history. The Oregon trail began in Independence. The Santa Fe trail moved out of Westport.

Kansas City ranks first in the nation as a hard-wheat market, as a cash-wheat market, and as a stocker and feeder-cattle market; second as a wheat-futures market and in grainelevator storage capacity; third as a market for cattle and calves.

Each fall Kansas City recognizes its close tie with agriculture, through the American Royal Livestock and Horse show and the convention of the Future Farmers of America, which attracts more than 10,000 farm youths from all over the coun-

Yet, while it willingly attests to a close kinship with agriculture, Kansas City strives to point up the diversification of its industry. A recent president of the Chamber of Commerce spoke out against the "cowtown" label. The city is first in the production of vending machines, second to Detroit in auto production, third in the apparel industry, ninth in bank clearings. It is home base for the Vendo Co., Trans World Air-

The spirit that pushed Kansas City past the barrier of the river bluffs has been and still is the keystone of the city's strength. There have been times when the spirit has lain dormant while the city wallowed in uncertainty. But whenever the big effort was needed it has always awakened.

lines, and Hallmark Cards, Inc.

A little girl's heart is mended

A hospital nun watches step by step a delicate and dangerous surgical procedure

N THE NURSES' locker room I slipped out of my black serge nun's habit and into a white cotton nursing gown. I adjusted my veil, donned the big duty apron with starched bib, and stepped into those white canvas conductive bootees that everyone must wear in the op-

erating room.

As I went out into the corridor, I scooped a surgical mask out of a jar at the scrub sinks. I placed it across my face, over the nose, under the chin, and tied it back of my head. Then I stepped on the conductometer to assure myself that I was conductive. The instrument indicated that any static electricity would run off my clothing and be grounded in the terrazzo flooring.

I glanced at the big round black clock with its red sweep second hand marking off the early morning minutes. It was 7:10: I was on time.

"Be there at 7:15," the anesthesiologist had told me. "We are going to work on an I.V. septal defect on a four-year-old child." In lay language that meant that the child was to have a repair job on an abnormal opening between the ventricles of

her heart. The normal heart contains four chambers: two upper ones, the auricles, and the two lower ones, the ventricles. Between the two ventricles is a partition called the intra-

ventricular septum.

This child (I shall call her Helen) had been born with an abnormal opening in the septum which permitted the oxygen-depleted venous blood, draining from all parts of the body into the right side of the heart, to mix with oxygen-loaded arterial blood, flowing from the lungs into the left side of the heart.

Normally the heart pumps the



blood from the right ventricle to the lungs, where it picks up fresh oxygen; then back into the left ventricle, and from there to all parts of the body. The abnormal opening between the ventricles of this child's heart permitted the low-oxygen blood to contaminate the oxygen-fresh blood, reducing the over-all oxygen content of the blood circulating through her body.

When the oxygen content of the blood falls below what the body requires, normal activity is impaired. And, in the case of a child, growth and development are retarded. What the doctor was going to do was to open Helen's heart and sew up the

hole in the partition.

I stepped into the operating room. Helen, an emaciated, underdeveloped four-year-old, lay pale and still on the operating table. Dr. Mac, the anesthesiologist, had just given her a very small shot of pentothal sodium, which he had followed with a muscle relaxant.

Now he took the laryngoscope and exposed the vocal cords. They are small white bands forming an inverted V, which open and close with each breath. Next, thrusting the tip of the tracheal tube between the vocal chords, he connected the end of the tube that extended from the child to the anesthetic machine at his left.

"Now we are in business," he said, as he began squeezing the bag of the anesthetic machine. The child's small, thin chest rose as the anesthetic gas moved gently into the lungs. He released the bag and her chest fell as the gas passed back into the rubber breathing bag of the gas machine. From now on Dr. Mac would breathe for the child by squeezing and releasing the breathing bag.

"Since we will use refrigeration anesthesia on this child, it will be necessary to carry her down well into plane 3, so that she will not shiver when we place her into the ice," he said. By "plane 3" he was referring to the exact depth of anes-

thesia.

He had turned on the ether in the gas machine so that the flow of anesthetic gas passed through a bottle of ether, and then on into the breathing bag. Periodically he moved back an eyelid to observe the child's pupils. As the anesthesia deepens the pupils become more dilated, and by observing them Dr. Mac would know when he had the child in plane 3.

Dr. Mac was not the only person who was busy. Standing next to him was a young resident doctor who was doing a cut-down on Helen's ankle. He had made a very tiny incision with a rapierlike blade, and using a small instrument similar to a button hook, he had brought up one of the veins that carry blood from the foot. Into this vein he inserted a tiny clear polyethylene tube, which he tied in place with black silk thread. This tube was connected to a bottle of blood hanging several feet

above the child. In case of hemorrhage it would be a lifeline for the patient, because through it blood could be supplied as fast as needed.

A cardiologist was also there, supervising a resident who was fixing electrodes to the child's skin: one on each arm, one on each leg. These were joined by fine, insulated wires to a cardioscope which stood several feet away from the head of the table. The cardioscope is a rocket-shaped instrument about two feet long, the blunt head of which contains a screen, and several needle indicators.

On the screen you can see the action of the heart as it is recorded by the electric impulses coming over the wires. The cardiologist can interpret every deviation of the small up-and-down waves, which with each heartbeat are recorded on the cardioscope. At all times during the operation he can let the surgeon know how the child is tolerating the operation. If any abnormality develops he will recognize it at once and suggest steps necessary to correct it.

Another physician had inserted a needle into a vein in the child's arm, and connected it to a bottle of glucose. If an emergency should arise, drugs could be given through this needle at a moment's notice.

The surgical nurse stood at a semicircular stainless-steel table which was piled high with towels, sheets, gowns, and other linen to be used for the operation. On the opposite side of the table were stacks of

stainless-steel instruments. Now the surgical nurse was selecting those which would be needed and laying them out on a Mayo table.

"She is ready for the ice," said Dr.

Mac.

"Ice!" called the circulating nurse. An orderly wheeled in a long, low cart. The cart had a deep, narrow, rubber-lined compartment containing six inches of chipped ice. The cart was brought alongside the operating table. The child was lowered into it gently.

The anesthesiologist held the tracheal tube and its connectors in place, scarcely interrupting the rhythm of his hand on the breathing bag as the child was transferred to the ice. A thin muslin sheet was spread over her, and chipped ice was placed over the sheet.

"Now we must wait until the temperature reaches 85° F," the anesthesiologist explained. In the adjoining alcove the surgeon and his assistant were scrubbing their hands with cherry-red liquid G-11 soap and stiff nylon brushes. Their manner was calm and relaxed.

The needle indicator which registered the child's temperature had been slowly leaning over to the left until it now pointed to 85°. Helen was then lifted out of the ice and gently laid on the operating table. The surgeon came in, quietly giving directions as he dried his hands and put on the sterile gown and rubber gloves which the surgical nurse held for him.

He moved up to the child, his assistant taking his place on the opposite side of the operating table, facing the surgeon. The surgical nurse now swung the instrument table across the operating table, above Helen's feet, and to the right of the surgeon. She then took her place to the left of the assistant, with the instruments in front of her.

Two large lights suspended from the ceiling were directed so that their rays converged on the little patient's chest, which lay exposed between the large slit in the lap sheet. Taking the scalpel, the surgeon drew a line across the child's chest, just below the lowest ribs. A hair line of bright red blood appeared. The incision was deepened until it reached the tissue which covered the ribs. Flaps of skin were undercut so that the full thickness of the skin could be lifted like a heavy curtain off the chest cage.

Next the surgeon split the sternum, or breast bone, for its entire length by inserting a flat instrument underneath the breast bone and cutting down on it with a sharp knife. A child's bones are quite soft; it is not difficult to cut through them. As he drew the halves of the split sternum to either side, the fine, silky pericardium came into view, pulsating vigorously.

The surgeon next slit the weblike pericardium, and there lay Helen's heart, quivering and squirming under the bright lights. Placing fine silk sutures in the pericardium, the surgeon tied them to the wound edge to hold the pericardial sac open. He then carefully ran his finger over the heart until he detected the point at which the abnormal opening was situated. There he would make his incision.

A long period of painstaking dissection followed, as each of the vessels leading to and coming from the heart was freed from its attachments to other structures, so that tapes could be slipped around each of them to stop all blood from reaching the heart, and to prevent any backflow of blood into the heart. This procedure is necessary so that the heart can be kept free of blood during the precious minutes that the surgeon has to close the defect in the partition between the chambers of the heart. The time that elapses from the minute the circulation is interrupted until it is permitted to flow again must not exceed 15 minutes. That is because, even with refrigeration, living tissue cannot survive long without oxygen.

Of all the body tissues, brain tissue is the most sensitive to oxygen deprivation. If the oxygen-carrying blood flowing to the brain would be interrupted for more than 15 minutes, irreparable damage would be done to Helen's brain tissue. Many spastic conditions and certain cases of impaired intelligence can be traced to a condition which occurred sometime during life in which brain cells were subjected to prolonged deprivation of oxygen.

At length, all of the vessels were freed. Tapes were placed around each of the five great vessels: the inferior vena cava, which drains the blood from the lower part of the body to the heart; the superior vena cava, which carries the blood from the upper half of the body to the heart; the aortic arch, through which the oxygen-fresh blood leaves the heart; the innominate artery, through which blood flows to the right side of the head; and the common carotid, through which blood goes to the left side of the head. The ends of the tapes were passed through rubber tubes to form a noose, so that the vessels could be closed simply by pulling up on the ends of the tapes.

"Is everyone ready?" the surgeon asked. Assistant, cardiologist, anesthesiologist, surgical nurse all nodded Yes. The tapes were drawn up and anchored securely, closing the

great vessels.

"All right, Novocain." The assistant handed him the syringe containing Novocain. He took it and injected the drug into the sinoauricular node, a small appendagelike structure that comes off the auricle of the heart. As soon as the last of the solution left the syringe, the heart, which until then had been beating strongly, suddenly was still.

"One, two, three, four," the cardiologist, watch in hand, began to count. "Thirteen, 14, 15 seconds," he called in a loud firm voice, "16, 17 " The surgeon had made the incision into the heart and was exploring the partition between the two ventricles with his finger. "Thirty seconds, 31, 32, 33," the cardiologist's voice went on relentlessly. The surgeon had located the rent in the septum of the ventricle, and had begun closing it with blacksilk suture.

"One minute, one, two, three," went on the powerful voice. The anesthesiologist had stopped breathing for the child now, because all circulation was stopped. The surgeon was calmly placing stitches through the septum, making each movement count. There was no time to waste; one false stitch, one tangled thread, and the operation might go amiss. There was no sound but the hissing and gurgling of the suction apparatus, and the loud, clear counting of the cardiologist.

"Ten minutes, one, two, three" The rent in the septum is closed. With another syringe the surgeon injected saline into the left side of the heart to see if any of it would

leak into the right side.

"No leak! It's a good closure," he breathed. That settled, he closed the incision in the heart, which was once

again beating strongly.

"Thirteen minutes, one, two, three" the surgeon was tying the last suture, his assistant stood waiting, scissors in hand. "Now, cut!" The assistant cut the suture, and the heart was closed.

"Release the aorta!"

"The aortic arch is released!" Once again the exit from the heart was

open. "Release the caval vessels."

"The superior vena cava is released! The inferior vena cava is released!" called a voice as the tapes were slipped out of the rubber tubes. The blood from the venous system of the body was once again flowing into the heart.

"Fifty eight, 59, 14 minutes."
"Release the head vessels!"

"The innominate is released!" Blood was coursing through the right arm and head. "The common carotid is released!" Blood was flowing into the left side of the head.

"The head vessels are open!" announced the anesthesiologist.

"How long did it take?" the surgeon wanted to know.

"Fifteen minutes from cardiac arrest!" the cardiologist told him, as he slipped his watch back over his wrist. He was studying the tracing on the cardioscope. "It looks good, doctor. It looks mighty good!"

The surgeon cut the sutures that held the pericardial sac open, and was closing it with very fine silk. The two halves of the breastbone were next anchored together. The two flaps of skin, from above and below, were drawn together. As soon as the dressings were in place the girl was lifted to a warm bed under an oxygen hood.

Helen began to awaken as soon as she was sufficiently warmed.

Three weeks later I watched this little girl as she stepped out of the hospital into the sunshine. She was perhaps a little thinner, but she had a bright red color in those lips which had always looked so blue and cold, and her tired brown eyes were shining.

Right now they were taking in the yellow tulips that bowed to her, and the purple pansies that crinkled their faces up at her. A robin's clear note sounded, and a convoy of English sparrows dipped their wings as they scudded in V formation overhead, escorting her to her parents' waiting car.

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 79)

1. Perjury (pur'jer-i) (g) voluntary violation of an oath; false testimony. 2. Juridical (joo-rid'i-kal) (e) of or pertaining to law in general. 3. Prejudicial (prej-oo-dish'al) (l) tending to impair the rights of another; damaging. 4. Jurist (joor'ist) (b) one who professes or is versed in the law. 5. Abjure (ab-joor') (f) to renounce under oath; disavow; recant. 6. Justifiable (jus'ti-fi-a-b'l) (d) Shown to be right according to law or custom.

7. Judicious (joo-dish'us) (k) directed or governed by right reasoning. 8. Jurisprudence (joor-is-proo'dens) (c) the science or philosophy of law. 9. Adjuration (aj-oo-ra'shun) (a) a solemn oath or swearing. 10. Juror (joor'er) (i) a member of a group sworn to hear evidence and determine fact in a law case. 11. Jurisdiction (joor-is-dik'shun) (h) authority to govern or legislate; control. 12. Adjudicate (a-joo'di-kate) (j) to try or hear according to law; to act as judge.

The Seventh Work of Mercy

The pathos of a funeral with no mourners gave a Pittsburgh housewife an idea: to be a friend of the friendless dead

DEAR GOD, don't let it happen to me!" thought Mrs. Edward O'Konski as the funeral Mass began. Never before had she seen a funeral without even a single mourner.

Mrs. O'Konski had gone to Mass that morning two years ago at St. Bernard church in Mt. Lebanon, a Pittsburgh suburb. She stayed on to say some prayers after the last regularly scheduled Mass. She was all alone in the church when the lights came back on and two men wheeled in a small casket. No relatives or friends followed it. A moment later, a priest and four altar boys came out.

After Mass, Mrs. O'Konski learned that the remains were those of an aged woman named Anna who had died at the county home.

"Anna had no one," she says. "No one ever visited her. When she died, the Church provided that wonderful requiem Mass—but there were no mourners. I couldn't sleep remembering that little casket in that nearly empty church."

The memory inspired the Pittsburgh housewife to start an unusual program: providing friends for those who die friendless.



She discovered that burials like the one she had witnessed were by no means uncommon. An average of three such unclaimed dead persons received Catholic burial each week in the Pittsburgh diocese.

They died in obscurity, usually penniless, in county homes, prisons, and asylums. The body would be tagged, "No relatives, no friends," and buried unnoticed except for the Mass. Only the priest, altar boys, and a few pallbearers from the St. Vincent de Paul society would be present.

Mrs. O'Konski talked to Father Paul Bassompierre, diocesan director of the St. Vincent de Paul society. The organization was notified whenever the unclaimed body of a Catholic was to be buried. With his encouragement, she began enrolling the departed souls in a perpetual-Mass society.

She sought out sponsors who would undertake the enrollment and offer the small Mass stipend. Each sponsor was supplied the name of an "adopted" person, and urged to include that soul in his prayers and Masses. Then, rounding up friends, Mrs. O'Konski began attending the funeral Masses.

Gradually the program spread. Her husband's Knights of Columbus council set up a list of sponsors. A group of Bell Telephone girls who became interested adopted 12 souls. A ten-year-old altar boy began offering his Mass each morning for the departed soul of a Jewish convert his family had adopted. ("Just think, that family will probably be the only persons in the world who will remember that soul by name," Mrs. O'Konski says.)

Today, Mrs. O'Konski heads a group of 50 women actively working for the program, which is known as the Spiritual Society for the Unclaimed Dead. With other groups they have interested in the work, such as the Christian Mothers, they attend funeral Masses, recite the Rosary afterward, and go to the cemeteries with the bodies. They help pay funeral expenses by mending and selling old clothes.

Last November they began what

will be an annual custom, visiting the graves of the unclaimed dead, in Pittsburgh's Calvary cemetery. There they placed a wreath, and were led by a priest in the recitation of the Rosary.

To encourage sponsors, two annual Masses have been arranged for the intentions of those who adopt a soul. Pamphlets are being sent to other dioceses describing the work of

the Spiritual society.

"Most people aren't even aware of the fact that such solitary funerals take place," Mrs. O'Konski said. "We want to acquaint them with the spiritual plight of the friendless dead, who have no one to pray for them when they need prayers the most."

Since they were working so closely with the St. Vincent de Paul society, the women finally organized themselves as a chapter of the Ladies of Charity, the de Paul auxiliary. They have broadened their work to include visiting the poor and the sick. But the Spiritual society remains a major project.

Mrs. O'Konski had plenty of excuses to avoid any added work. She has a husband and four children, though two children are married and no longer at home. She also heads or serves on a half dozen civic and Catholic charitable organizations. "But I just couldn't forget that lonely cas-

ket," she says.

Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh has recognized the work of the society by composing a special prayer for the friendless dead. "O God, who are no respecter of persons and to Whom each soul is equally known and intimately present, receive into thy eternal rest and the communion of thy saints the soul of one of my baptized brethren who died friendless, save for Thee.

"Lord Jesus Christ, plead before the throne of mercy for one, unclaimed in death by men, yet for whom Thou didst establish thy claim in the hour of the Incarnation that made Thee our brother and in the hour of thy death that made Thee our Redeemer.

"Mother of Christians, remember that thy Son was buried in a borrowed tomb by a stranger's charity. Intercede for one who shares the mystery of thy Son's abandonment and win for me, as well as for this soul, pardon and peace!"

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

John, our maintenance man, stopped to buy a veterans' poppy from one of our high-school girls. "And how are you going to spend Decoration Day?" we asked him. "Going on a picnic or something?"

"Nope," he answered. "I'm driving my wife out to Wayne to decorate my

"You mean the family lot?" we asked.

"No, Sister, that's right here in the city. I mean where I'm buried in my home town," he explained, his eyes twinkling at the baffled expressions on our faces. "I was wounded in action during the 1st World War and spent more than two years in a French hospital. The burial detail found my dog tag near the body of a soldier killed on the same battlefield and identified him as me. My family received official word of my death, and Masses were offered for the repose of my soul. Later, when the casket was shipped home unopened, the soldier was given a military funeral with all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

"My family was shocked when I suddenly arrived home in excellent health. And you can imagine how I felt when I saw my own tombstone. Well, after the usual red tape, the government did all in its power to correct matters. They offered to rebury the unknown soldier and to reimburse my family for any expense. But I thought, 'If that soldier gave his life for his country, the least we can do is look after his grave.' So I wrote the officials to let him stay where he was, and I'd shop around for another grave: I wasn't in that much of a hurry."

He grinned, stuck the poppy into the visor of his cap, and strolled toward the engine room.

Sister Mary Vianney, S.S.J.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

A Flagpole for Helen

In keeping alive her memory, Calipatrians will keep alive the memory of their finest hour

just another broiler-hot desert town in California's dusty green Imperial valley. You can drive through it in three minutes at legal speed. But here, last July 4, the nation's 184th birthday, the world's tallest flagpole (184 feet high) was dedicated as a symbol of good neighborliness. To Calipatrians, good neighborliness is a way of daily living.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 6, 1957, Mayor Ed Rademacher answered his phone and gave a shocked gasp. "What? No! We've got to do something." He had been told that Helen, wife of Harry Momita, the town's druggist, was dead, and that Harry

was in the hospital.

For the next two weeks the mayor and the town did something. They ran the drugstore for Momita, an immigrant Japanese. Merchants took time out from their own businesses. Housewives who had never been behind a counter pitched in. A pharmacist came daily from another town to fill prescriptions. They were, in all their efforts, simply being good to a man who had been good for the community.



Nobody, least of all Harry Momita, had suspected that he would have any effect on Calipatria when he took over the pharmacy five years earlier. He had lost a prosperous drug business by forced sale when his family of five was dragged off to a 2nd World War relocation center. Afterward he had tried several new starts, only to fail at each.

What Harry Momita needed was a town that needed him. Calipatria looked like that town: shabby, lethargic, business at a standstill, the Chamber of Commerce defunct. "The whole town was dead," Rademacher recalls. Three druggists in succession had gone broke there.

Momita shrewdly sized up the situation. The merchants kept stocks low because housewives shopped out of town-and that's why they shopped out of town. That was the reason the other druggists hadn't

made a go of it.

Calipatria counted no Japanese among its 2,000 people, but that held no concern for Momita. He knew from experience that prejudice against the Japanese had been only a wartime distortion. During the 30's, before the war, he had organized a Japan Night at the Imperial County fair, both to break up the clannishness of the valley Japanese and to test feeling toward them. Pretty girls in gorgeous kimonos glided through ceremonial dances. They were the hit of the fair. And the whites took a closer, friendlier look at their neighbors.

A canny buyer, Momita soon made his store one of the best-stocked drugstores in the valley. Before long the pharmacy on the highway corner became the town's social center, and to everyone the Momitas were Helen

and Harry.

Diminutive, shy Helen, still blossom pretty in middle age, ran the soda fountain and served a warm smile with every cup of coffee. Endlessly energetic, she kept the place spotless. Harry, an amiable man of medium height with a cropped mustache and graying temples, had a priceless asset for a pharmacist: trustworthiness. Their son Milton, equally popular, was elected student-body president at the high school.

Soft-spoken Harry had a persua-

sive way. He got the Chamber of Commerce reactivated, and the next year became its president. He talked the other merchants into stocking up and sprucing up. Housewives began shopping at home. He joined Rademacher, a robust veteran of Iwo Iima and a man with a fertile mind, in schemes to boost Calipatria.

They staged rip-roaring celebrations that drew throngs of visitors. They put up big signs on the highway approaches: "Calipatria, the Lowest Down Town in the Western Hemisphere," capitalizing on the fact that the town lies 184 feet below sea level. They started a drive to raise a 184-foot flagpole that Old Glory

might fly at sea level.

Yes, Harry Momita was good for Calipatria: he gave it esprit de corps. And Calipatria was good for Harry: in those five years he paid off the mortgage on the store and built a

new home.

That's the way things stood when the Momitas closed their store on Saturday night, Oct. 5. Helen gave a final wipe to the counter, swished cleanser around the sink, draped the rinsed cloth over the rack. Harry double-checked the narcotics cabinet, spun the dial on the safe, bolted the back door, and, with a pride-ofownership glance around, locked up, leaving the night light on.

They hurried home to change and eat, then set out in their brand new Ford for Los Angeles, 201 miles away, for a weekend visit with two married daughters and son Milton, a pharmacy student at the University of Southern California, Harry's alma mater. Long and happily married, they had little need for talk to communicate. Petite Helen sat crosslegged on the front seat, smiling. Harry mused on the goodness of life.

They were proceeding moderately along the San Bernardino freeway about 10:30 p.m. when they came to a bridge-construction zone. Signs warned: SLOW—NO PASSING. A speeding youth tried to pass a car in the opposite lane and crossed the center line. There was a shattering head-on crash. Helen was catapulted against the windshield and killed, her neck broken. Harry, badly hurt, was given emergency treatment, then taken to a hospital in the Los Angeles suburb of Gardena, where daughter Louise lived.

Milton Momita called Mayor Rademacher's home early next morning, but got no answer. Rademacher, who runs the hardware store, explained later, "There's always some do-it-yourself addict routing me out of bed on Sunday morning for a pound of nails."

Milton then called their insurance agent, M. L. McKendry, who kept phoning the mayor until he answered. Rademacher got dressed at once and drove to Gardena with City Councilman Franklin Garrett and Police Chief John Beauchamp. Harry was still dazed from shock and sedation when they walked into his hospital room.

"Don't worry about the store," the

mayor said. "If you'll give us the keys, we'll keep it going till you get back on your feet. We can get plenty of help."

Harry protested weakly, "Be an

awful lot of work."

"We can always close up again. Think it over."

They visited with daughter Louise several hours and returned. Milton met them in the corridor. "Dad's asleep. He said to give you these," he said, and handed over the keys.

They hung a sign on the pharmacy door: CLOSED MONDAY FOR FUNERAL—OPEN TUESDAY AS USUAL. Calipatria was stunned. Carloads of Calipatrians went to the services held in the Buddhist temple in Los

Angeles.

Mayor Rademacher, the hardware merchant, and Councilman Garrett, an appliance dealer, decided that as businessmen they should assume charge of the pharmacy. Berna Wilkinson, wife of the former mayor, took over the soda fountain. Tuesday morning they set an open ledger on the counter with the heading: Will Work.

By noon 71 volunteers had signed up, not including the high-school students who fought over the job of janitor. People came in from farms, even from Niland eight miles to the north, begging to be put on.

High on the list were Father Cuthbert Billman, o.m.i., pastor of St. Patrick's church, and Alma (Billie) Allen, Calipatria's Gold Star mother. J. G. Wirt, retired bookkeeper, volunteered to keep the books.

"We had a lot of arguments," says Rademacher, "but we had to be hardboiled. We couldn't have the whole town behind the counter."

Chester Thompson, co-owner of a big pharmacy at Brawley, read about the tragedy and phoned at once. "What about prescriptions?" Every morning thereafter Thompson drove the 20-mile round trip to Calipatria and filled prescriptions for two hours.

"No trouble at all," he recalls. "Harry had his files well organized. All credit goes to that town. What Calipatria did is a dose of what this world needs."

Betty Young, who lives three miles out of town, was on standby duty. Her job was to race down to Brawley in the off hours for emergency medicines, which Thompson duly credited to the Momita pharmacy. Beth Siris, whose husband teaches at the high school, and Gladys Dearborn, wife of a rancher, worked with Mrs. Wilkinson at the fountain.

"We had no experience," says Mrs. Siris, "but we were all good hunters!" She gained such experience that she stayed on an extra week to break in the woman Harry later hired to run the fountain.

Rademacher and Garrett alternated, so that one was always at the pharmacy. "We never heard a cross word," Rademacher says. "The customers were a big help. If we

couldn't find something they'd often bought, they'd point it out. If in doubt, they'd pay the excise tax."

"We did a rushing business," says Garrett. "Old customers came in and new ones from other towns—and bought things we knew they didn't need."

"We lost only one sale," says Mrs. Siris. "A Mexican wanted a guitar pick. We couldn't find one."

"We almost lost another," Rademacher recalls. "A woman asked for an 'assafidity' bag. Everybody got into the act, but no asafetida bags. Harry had 'em all right, tucked away. They weren't a big seller. Thompson brought one up next morning. Only a dime, but we charged the lady two bits for the trouble."

When a Mexican farm worker requested that a clock purchase be wrapped as a gift, Rademacher puzzled a moment, then said, "Señor, take it across the street to the hardware store and tell them to gift-wrap it." The customer walked out, glancing back curiously several times.

One day Rademacher waited on a stranger in his hardware store. The man bought a can opener and went weaving out, patently beer happy. Rademacher looked at his watch, then hurried across the street to relieve Garrett. He was behind the counter there when the stranger came in for a pack of cigarettes. He gaped at Rademacher. "You sure get around in this town, mister," he said, and staggered out shaking his head.

As it happened, no state inspector

came around during this period. Under California law a drugstore cannot remain open without a registered pharmacist on hand; nor can a doctor come in to fill prescriptions. Rademacher, each day after Thompson left, boarded up the prescription counter and kept "outer" store hours. "I figured an inspector would wink at this little violation," he said.

On top of all this, Calipatrians raised \$650 for a memorial to Helen Momita in the Buddhist temple in Los Angeles. But when a delegation went to see Harry about it, he said, "Let's put it toward our flagpole."

"Good," they said. "It will be a

flagpole for Helen."

(Later Harry added his own \$500

check to the fund. Donations came in from everywhere, \$10,000 in all, and the steel pole went up, tall as a 16-story building.)

For two full weeks the city officials, merchants, and housewives of Calipatria and environs ran the Momita pharmacy. When Harry at last hobbled back, on crutches, it was to a heart-filling homecoming. It seemed as though the whole town were trying to crowd into the store for the party. The pharmacy was garlanded with home-picked flowers, the counters burdened with home-baked pies and cakes. And it wasn't a mouthful of cake that made it difficult for Harry Momita to say, "It's good to belong."



IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

- An American foreign correspondent tells of an ugly incident that happened to him during the climax of the 2nd World War and caused him to harbor resentment for 17 years. Then, on the day that Khrushchev scuttled the Summit conference, he hears another story that makes him see things in perspective. How I Learned Not to Hate, by Ollie Stewart, is a CATHOLIC DIGEST original.
- A young priest who knew little about farming was assigned to a rural Missouri mission in 1915. He began raising chickens, won blue ribbons at fairs, and organized a farmers' cooperative. Over the years, Msgr. "Alfalfa George" Hildner has taught his people the relationship between their religion and their stewardship of the land. Condensed from Jubilee.
- "A stitch in time saves nine" is a maxim that applies to automobiles as well as clothing. A woman driver can save herself time, grief, and money by knowing the symptoms of car troubles about to develop. So says a writer for the Toronto Star Weekly.

The Ladies of Bethany

An Order of nuns in civilian dress carries out a unique mission in Rome

o urside Holland a Dutch bicycle is always good for a laugh. It is abnormally high, aggressively functional. Its rider must sit bolt upright, like a dowager riding to hounds.

There are four Dutch bicycles in Rome, and four upright Dutch women riding them. They are a striking contrast to the low-slung, riders-over-the-handlebars bikes favored by the natives. A shrill, incredulous whistle or a derisive shout from Roman youths on the sidewalks is likely to greet the Dutch women as they pedal stiffly by.

A special reception is reserved for a tall and a short woman when, like a mobile Tweedledum and Tweedledee, they cycle together.

They'd be rocked, those sidewalk youths, if they knew they were chaffing nuns!

The nuns are good-natured about it. Nothing indicates that they are members of the Dutch Order of the Ladies of Bethany. They wear civilian dress and have normal hairdos. They are addressed as "Miss," not "Sister."

Both their bicycles and their vocations are unusual. To the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they add that of "consuming our-



selves in the service of non-Catholics."

That is why the Vatican allows them to dispense with a Religious habit. Non-Catholics are often shy of priests and nuns in "official" garb. But they are perfectly at ease with a nun in ordinary dress.

If non-Catholics are not at ease with the Ladies of Bethany, their

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. August, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

mission will be severely impeded.

The four of them in Rome operate a small center called the Foyer Unitas. Unity with their fellows of all nationalities and denominations is

their goal.

Their main task in Rome is taking non-Catholics on sight-seeing trips, often to out-of-the-way places they might otherwise miss. They explain the religious and historical significance of ruins and other monuments, arrange papal audiences, assist at religious ceremonies with their guests, and provide information in an informal, friendly way—all free of charge.

Last year, they guided and enlightened 1,007 people (779 non-Catholics, 52 converts, 176 Catholics) from five continents and 33 nations. Some of the visitors, young university and college students, came in groups from Germany, Britain,

Denmark, and Sweden.

The Foyer also makes a point of serving young non-Catholics who live in Rome and are frequently homesick without their families. Each year it organizes a Christmas tea for lonely European and overseas strangers.

Foyer Unitas is housed in a humble office in an international students' hostel, the Palazzo Salviate, which lies midway between two notable Roman landmarks, the Vatican

and Regina Coeli prison.

Foyer directress is Miss Teresita Loeff, a cheerful, sparkling-eyed woman with a quick sense of humor and an open manner which appeals instantly to strangers. Like her three companions, Miss Loeff speaks English, German, Italian, and French as well as her native Dutch.

All the Ladies are trained in theology and philosophy, know their liturgy backwards, and have a vast knowledge of Roman history and

archaeology.

In devoting their service primarily to non-Catholics, they have one enormous advantage. They come from a country with a mixed population in which the non-Catholic mind is known, understood, and respected. This is something that rarely distinguishes the rank and file of Italians in Catholic Italy.

"Non-Catholics, especially Europeans, who visit other European countries usually find plenty that is familiar," says Miss Loeff. "But here everything is strange, from the language to the Italians' way of behaving in church! Non-Catholics are completely out of their normal set-

ting.

"Whichever way they turn in the Eternal City, they must inevitably come up against things essentially Catholic. Left to themselves, they are bewildered.

"On the other hand, they are on holiday—happy, free, receptive in mind and heart. They are keen to learn, regard an audience with the Holy Father as a tremendous favor, instinctively like the Italians, and don't take offense easily.

"All they need to help them is people who understand that they do not understand. That is where we come in."

Not long ago, the Ladies of Bethany found a little non-Catholic Dutch girl in a Rome hospital. She was being driven to desperation by the taunts of ignorant Italian patients in her ward. Why wasn't she a Catholic? Did she know she would never go to heaven? She finally silenced them by pleading with them to respect her faith as she respected theirs.

"That," observes Miss Loeff, "is a perfect example of what I'm getting at."

The Ladies of Bethany find that many visitors interpret pretty liberally the "general information" part of their activities. They are asked for advice on everything from how much to tip taxi drivers to where to obtain foodstuffs and materials utterly unknown to the Italian storekeepers.

"A young American married couple came here seeking Heinz baby food," reports Miss Loeff. "No Italian shop had ever heard of it, but mother was determined to use no other, and baby, meantime, was getting very, very hungry. Oh, yes, we got her some. It is our job to know where to find these things."

Another American woman chose the last hectic hours of Christmas Eve to decide she needed a hairdo. The salons were packed with other women obsessed with the same idea. But the Ladies of Bethany scored again. They cajoled their own hairdresser into "squeezing the American in."

"Then," Miss Loeff goes on, "you wouldn't believe it, but when the woman was leaving the salon, a heel snapped from her shoe."

A shoemaker open on Christmas Eve? "Luckily, our own was nearby," confides the imperturbable Miss Loeff. "But, as you can imagine, it was fairly late by the time we got down to talking with our friend about midnight Mass."

Although various nationalities have various preferences about what they wish to see in Rome, the Ladies of Bethany find that Americans are fairly consistent.

For a start, they always ask to see the Pope.

Americans are also keen to hear singing. The Ladies take them to hear the superb Sistine Chapel choir, or to the Basilica of St. Mary Major.

"But if they are really musical," Miss Loeff says, "we go to the Abbey of San Anselmo, on the Aventine, to hear the Benedictines do the Gregorian chant."

Americans also like to see a cardinal or two, and they are extremely interested in archaeology. "The older the ruin or excavation, the better," says Miss Loeff.

Two Mormons were among recent visitors, and several Jews. So were six native African chiefs, sent to the Ladies by the White Fathers.

The Africans were profoundly impressed by everything, and deeply reverent. When they were about to be photographed at the Basilica of St. Paul Oùtside the Walls, one dusky chief cautioned the others, "We must put out our cigarettes and uncover our heads. We are near the tomb of an Apostle."

In general, an audience with Pope John, Mass celebrated in the catacombs, and a visit to the Sistine chapel waken the greatest interest in non-

Catholic tourists.

What do visitors complain about in Rome? Not much, although they have a big, unanimous growl about one thing: the shattering noise that bedevils the city night and day.

"If only we could get some sleep," they sigh, echoing what millions

have said before them.

The Ladies of Bethany meet many American students at the Palazzo Salviati international center. They just stroll in. The Ladies say, "If we get one today, we are bound to get half a dozen tomorrow." They are "very nice to each other, these Americans," the Ladies add.

An old couple staying in the Palazzo got two tickets for a papal audience. They were looking forward to it immensely. Then they heard that two young students were bitterly disappointed that they would have to leave Rome without seeing the Pope. The old Americans gave the young Americans their tickets. "We will find another time to go," they said.

When Pope Pius XII died in 1958, the Ladies were moved by the number of sympathetic letters they received from non-Catholics in various parts of the world whom they had met in the Foyer.

Overseas mail for the Ladies of Bethany grows each year. "It serves to maintain and strengthen friendships made in Rome," Miss Loeff

says.

"Sometimes religious questions are discussed in letters; and we often give the address of a priest or a layman in the writer's own country who might be able to help him."

A Jesuit priest, Father Jacques van Ginneken, founded the Ladies of Bethany in 1919. Their motherhouse is in Bloemendaal, Holland. During the 1st World War Father Ginneken was struck by the fact that Catholic and non-Catholic soldiers could be united in comradeship and a common cause but yet be divided by religious beliefs. He determined to found a Religious Order dedicated to breaking down the barrier.

Wisely, he decided that work requiring patience, gentleness, and deep human perception needed women. Out of this decision emerged the Ladies of Bethany, true yet uncloistered nuns. In 1932, Rome recognized the Order and dispensed it, in the interests of its vocation, from

wearing a Religious habit.

The Ladies now have 14 foundations, in Holland, Austria, and Rome. There are 120 members in the Order. The four in Rome have a particularly demanding job, tourism now being Italy's top industry.

Eyes and Ears of the U.S.

A Central Intelligence agency in 1941 could have prevented Pearl Harbor

ALL U. S. INTELLIGENCE activities throughout the world come into focus around a unique unit of the federal government, the Central Intelligence agency. It is the most secret government body, but one of the most wide-open of the world's great intelligence systems.

It is organized under the National Security council and answers direct-

ly and only to the President.

The CIA's director is pipe-smoking, professorial Allen W. Dulles. He earns \$21,000 a year in the job; lives in a rented, unguarded house in Georgetown; and comes to work at about 8 A.M. in a chauffeur-driven car.

Allen is the younger brother of the late John Foster Dulles, secretary of state; he came to the CIA with a thorough background in the ways of espionage. In the 2nd-World War he directed from Switzerland a huge spy network of the oss that operated in Germany and Italy. A scholar and



Allen W. Dulles

lawyer by profession, he is a graduate of Princeton and the George Washington university School of Law.

Now 67, he plays tennis and swims. He was married in Baltimore in 1920 to Martha Clover Todd, and they have three children. The Soviets call him a sinister man. President Eisenhower calls him simply amazing. Mr. Dulles has a white telephone on his office desk and another in his home which are direct open lines to the White House.

Part of CIA's Washington operations now are located in the old buildings of the Public Health service in Washington's Foggy Bottom district. They are surrounded by a barbed-wire-topped fence, but during the day the gates are open and unguarded. Both Mr. Dulles's home

^{*}Calvert & Centre Sts., Baltimore 3, Md., June 12, 1960. © 1960 by the Baltimore Sun, and reprinted with permission.

and his agency are listed in the Washington telephone directory.

You can drive into the grounds without being stopped. The new \$46-million building in Langley, Va., due for completion next year, will also be accessible to the public.

The security line is drawn, however, as soon as a caller crosses the threshold of any of the buildings. Armed guards man all entrances; and the visitor with legitimate business must write down his name, address, and citizenship, and accept a personal escort.

Beyond the sentry stations is an unspectacular array of offices and corridors, walk-in safes, filing cabinets marked "Classified," filing cabinets marked "Not Classified," and signs about disposal of classified

waste.

Employees must show passes, even 100 times a day, if necessary. Passes vary for different areas. Inside, the typical worker does not know even what the fellow in the next office is

working on.

CIA'S job is, broadly, collection and evaluation of information relating to national security. The people that work at it represent a new career field on the American labor scene. This is a result of Mr. Dulles's leadership, for when he assumed command, one of his announced aims was to create a permanent place for intelligence in American government.

People in the agency's employ vary as widely as file clerks and U-2

pilots, with categories in between that cannot even be suggested. But few come even close to the classic cloak-and-dagger type of spy. Today's spies are people trained in geopolitics, languages, history, electronics, and foreign affairs. They take vacations, get sick leave, and enjoy other benefits of Civil Service.

Upper echelons are filled with older persons, many with experience in the wartime oss. But the agency is predominantly a youth's organization and has a definite "Ivy league" look, Eastern universities heading

the list of alma maters.

Modern agents gather their information from many sources. The days of concealed microphones and coded messages are not over, but most of today's intelligence items are turned up in foreign periodicals, technical papers, and reports from our own armed forces and diplomatic corps. Even Weather bureau reports are studied.

The CIA scans every piece of Russian literature it can lay its hands on and translates all that have scientific content. It monitors thousands of hours of foreign radio broadcasts each week. It produces its own intelligence through a network of special agents whose usefulness continues only as long as they remain unknown.

The U-2 program is the best-publicized example of the intelligencegathering operations, and might go down with the Trojan horse as one of the most celebrated espionage feats of all time. Certain freedom was given to field commanders as to the exact timing of these flights, but the direction and control originated with CIA, working with the President and other top government officers.

The program was known only to a few persons, even within the agency itself, and until May 1 was one of the best-kept secrets in modern espionage. Its secrecy lingers on, for when Mr. Dulles testified before Congressional investigators on the Powers incident, he had the authority to say whether or not any of his testimony would be released. None was.

Most of the reliable information about CIA—and an aide to Mr. Dulles says a great amount of unreliable information has been published—comes from speeches that Mr. Dulles makes from time to time. In a New York talk he spoke of how his agency makes an intelligence estimate.

In the case of Russia, he said, the CIA's job is to determine where the Soviet Union stands in the missile and other military fields, and where it is going in the immediate future. He said analysis of any Soviet weapons system involves judgments on the capability of the Soviets to produce it; probable inventories of the weapon; the role Soviet military planning has assigned to it; and what the Soviet high command may expect of it.

The unit also keeps the National Security council alert to the general intelligence situation all over the world. Mr. Dulles does this at the council's weekly meetings, attended by the President and his principal advisers on foreign policy. Mr. Dulles opens these meetings with a briefing on happenings of the past week.

He prepares this material the day before at a meeting of the Intelligence board. The board consists of representatives of all the armed services, State department, Atomic Energy commission, FBI and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Another important service is a concise daily summary for the President on the world's trouble spots.

The agency does not duplicate the functions of existing intelligence-gathering units of the armed services and the State department. Rather, it makes use of all these and brings their findings together. It is no Gestapo, having no police, subpoena, or law-enforcement powers. The number of retired military officers who can fill certain positions is limited by law, to keep the organization civilian in character.

Mr. Dulles has said that if America had had today's intelligence machinery in 1941 Pearl Harbor would never have happened. Today, a constant vigil is maintained. An Intelligence Advisory committee stands ready to act 24 hours a day.

Would CIA spot a Russian attack shaping up in time to do any good? Mr. Dulles has stated that the machinery is there, and that barring human failure, it would. His people

reported Russia's ability to launch the first Sputnik a year in advance. Several days before the event they reported a launch attempt was imminent. They predicted the anti-Nixon riots in South America, Khrushchev's rise to power in the Kremlin, the French-British Suez invasion.

The major publicized shortcoming was failure to foresee entry of Red China into the Korean war. Clues were available, for example, that the Chinese army had stocked up on antibiotics shortly before the invasion, which might have told the analysts

what was coming.

Forewarning of surprise attack was, in fact, the reason President Truman in 1946 wanted intelligence activities centralized for the first time in the country's history. He directed formation of the National Intelligence authority to plan, develop, and coordinate all the government's foreign-intelligence operations.

Members of the authority assigned personnel and funds from their respective departments and formed the Central Intelligence group as an operating component. These two bodies functioned for 21 months, and in September, 1947, they were superseded by the National Security council and the Central Intelligence agency.

The National Security act provides that the agency shall have access to all intelligence in possession of the government, with certain limitations. It charges the director with

responsibility for protecting intelligence sources and agency methods from "unauthorized disclosure."

The Central Intelligence agency act of 1949 permits the director to spend money on a voucher certified by him alone, without regard to the laws and regulations pertaining to expenditure of other government money. Mr. Dulles, it is often pointed out, is the only man in government who could write a check for \$1 million and not have to explain what he wanted it for.

This is not quite correct, for although CIA appropriations are hidden in the budgets of other federal departments, a special committee of six senators and six representatives sits with Mr. Dulles and goes over how much he spends and, in general

terms, for what.

Among Dulles's other extraordinary powers is the right to withhold names, titles, salaries, and even the number of employees. Only a few men in the top CIA echelons are known to the public. The director can also approve entry into the U.S. of certain aliens whose continued stay in their native country would be dangerous.

Acquiring persons with the proper background and motivation to do intelligence work is difficult. Out of every 1,000 people who apply, only a handful wind up getting jobs. Fully 80% are screened out immediately, largely because of insufficient education or obviously unfavorable background.

The remaining 20% are turned over to security officers for investigation. Some of this group are eliminated because, in the agency's words, "they drink too much, talk too much, or have relatives behind the Iron Curtain which may make the applicants subject to foreign pressure."

Further investigation eliminates another 4%, mostly persons who have undesirable contacts. The checking usually takes about six weeks for a young man or woman just out of college; up to four months for an older person who has held a number of jobs or traveled widely.

CIA uses a polygraph, or lie detector, in checking out its job applicants. No one is required to take the test, but nearly everyone does. Continuing security checks are run secretly on personnel. Security officers make unannounced inspections of offices after working hours to see that all classified papers have been locked up. Severe penalties await the careless.

To create a pool of professional people on which to draw, the agency regularly sends recruiters out to colleges to line up potential candidates, students who have demonstrated a high degree of ability in languages, science, foreign affairs, and related subjects. Likes and dislikes, personality, and extracurricular activities are weighed as heavily as intellectual ability.

Prospects are told that their starting salary probably will not exceed \$5,000 a year unless they are criti-

cally needed specialists, and that it may never go above \$14,000.

Professional employees are divided into two categories: overt and covert. An overt employee makes it no secret that he works for CIA, but beyond that he can say little, even to his wife. The covert worker comes closer to the traditional picture of the secret agent.

The covert agent may be almost anywhere in the world, working or traveling as a scientist, student, economist, engineer, or housewife. Only one job category, journalism, has been revealed as excluded. CIA has former newspapermen on its staff but enrolls no one still in the profession, for fear of throwing a shadow over the entire press. The agency does frequently interview foreign correspondents returning from abroad, as well as businessmen and other travelers, and has offices in 25 cities for this purpose.

Little can be said about the long period of training and the jobs that CIA professional people do. They can make a permanent career in the intelligence field, however, after three years' service.

Part of this career service is a junior-officers training program, which an aide described as the West Point of CIA. It takes in people with the highest qualifications in economics, geopolitics, geophysics, and other important subjects. These men and women, considered to have the highest potential for intelligence work, are groomed to take over larger and

more important roles within the or-

ganization.

As another incentive, every effort is made to promote from within. There is a language-training program also, whereby employees are rewarded for studying a new language in CIA'S schools. The more "exotic" the language, the bigger the reward. The employee who extends his proficiency by after-hours study year after year can earn a maintenance allowance for it. Eventually, he will probably be assigned to a country where he can use the language, but overseas assignment seldom comes before the 3rd or 4th year of service.

In addition to producing more capable intelligence people, these programs help keep morale at a high level. The agency has a small turnover compared to other government departments. Specialists are sometimes attracted by the higher salaries paid by big industry, but money does not appear to be the main hold CIA has on its people. Mr. Dulles has said that some are working in the agency at a great sacrifice.

For a few, glamour is the big attraction. But for most it is the knowledge that they are doing important work for the country by providing information on which its leaders can guide its future course. For all, there is the hard fact that the work they do will almost never be publicly recog-

nized or acclaimed.

IN OUR HOUSE

One night at dinner we were discussing the various plateaus of life that certain members of our family are leaving or attaining this year.

"Yes, Mary finished high school and will be starting college," mother

remarked. "And Cathy will be graduated from grade school."

My six-year-old sister, who is about to enter 1st grade, was not going to be left out of the picture. "And I graduated from home," she announced proudly.

Mary Gantert.

Our covered candy dish is quite an attraction for all the children that come to the house. One afternoon a neighbor boy, five-year-old Freddie, dropped in. He showed the usual interest in the contents, but I didn't offer him a piece.

When I left the room for a minute he quickly finished the last few pieces of candy. As I came back, he passed his hands several times over the dish, muttering, "Abra cadabra." Then, snatching the cover off with the flourish of a magician, he shouted, "Ah, ha! Empty!"

Dorothy Riordan.

[For similar true stories-amusing, touching or inspiring-of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

'Broadway Is My Parish'

For 40 years, show-biz people have thought of St. Malachy's church as their own

N ALL AMERICA you will find only one Catholic church in which the congregation has the professional talent to write, produce, direct, rehearse, and stage a Broadway production, with enough actors and actresses left over to form at least one road company.

That's St. Malachy's in New York City. It is set snugly between a record shop and a small hotel on W. 49th St., between Broadway and 8th Ave. Its Gothic spires rise above an area tenanted by restaurants, garages,

hotels, and ticket agencies.

If you happen to attend the 12:15 P.M. Mass on Sunday, you will pass through a doorway to the basement, under an inscription that reads: "Catholic Actors' Chapel." The usher who shows you to your seat may very well be a star of the entertainment world.

Glancing about, you may see Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien, Jack Haley, or Danny Thomas. Kneeling across the aisle from you, or perhaps next to you, may be Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, Joan Leslie, or Hildegarde. The roster of stars who frequent St. Malachy's also includes Spencer Tracy, Ray Bolger, Frank Fay, Jimmy Durante, Peter Lind Haves and Mary Healy, George Shelton, Perry Como, Bert Wheeler, Julius La Rosa, Eddie Dowling, Cyril Ritchard, Eddie Foy, Jr., Horace McMahon, president of the Catholic Actors' guild, and many others. When the priest comes out on the altar, the altar boy, likely as not, will be Don Ameche.

After Mass, it is traditional for the congregation to pause for a few moments on the sidewalk for small talk. The topics are always the same: what shows are being cast, the fate of a show in its out-of-town tryout,

the latest TV news.

You might wish to walk about the



St. Malachy's

chapel and say a prayer at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, a replica of the original in France. Two novena services are held every Tuesday evening at the shrine. Parishioners are proud of the fact that the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady of Lourdes at St. Malachy's is affiliated with the arch-confraternity at Lourdes.

On the other side of the chapel is a striking mural of St. Genesius, patron of the chapel and patron of actors everywhere. St. Genesius, an actor in the time of Diocletian, was ordered by the Roman ruler to mock the ritual of the Christians. He refused and was condemned to death. The mural depicts his defiance of

Diocletian.

In the upper church is a beautiful image of the Sacred Heart, a mosaic created by two Venetian artisans, and a mural picturing the church's patron, St. Malachy of Armagh, one of the great Irish saints. St. Malachy's, enlarged in 1929, seats 700 in the upper church, somewhat fewer in the chapel.

The parish today is throbbing with vitality, but its beginnings were not promising. The first Mass was said in a room over a post office by Father Peter McLoughlin, the first pastor, shortly after the turn of the century. Later, Masses were said above a

tavern.

The cornerstone was laid in 1903, the same year that George M. Cohan (in later years a staunch friend of St. Malachy's) made his debut as a star in his own show, Running for Office. It was also the year that George M. wrote one of his many song hits, Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Good-bye. Victor Herbert's Toyland was playing at the Majestic in 1903, Montgomery and Stone were sensational in The Wizard Of Oz, and high on the pop-tune hit parade was Sweet Adeline.

St. Malachy's was then centered in a quiet neighborhood of brownstone fronts and tenements. But with the northward movement of the theaters, the area slowly changed character. Old residents moved away to make room for the shows and the

show people.

When Father Edward F. Leonard became pastor in 1920, he saw that the parish was slowly dwindling. He gave prayerful thought to the problem, and came to the conclusion that the show people were crowding around his church because the Lord expected him to serve their spiritual needs. "Broadway is my parish!" he decided.

When theater folk attended the church, he made it a point to get to know them and to make them welcome. He stood on the sidewalk after Mass with his curates, making friends. Very soon the word spread along Broadway that St. Malachy's was the theater's own.

In the years that followed, Father Leonard displayed such zeal for the spiritual welfare of show people that the story of St. Malachy's inevitably becomes the story of Father Leonard. He became a monsignor along the way, but to his people he was always affectionately known as Father Leonard.

He had been born in the neighborhood of St. Malachy's. An orphan, he was raised by a devoted aunt. After studying at St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, N. Y., he was ordained in 1896.

Father Leonard gave thought to the particular needs of his flock. The Actors' chapel was opened in 1921. The Catholic Actors' guild was given an office at St. Malachy's, and Father Leonard served as its chaplain.

He learned that many performers and workers in night clubs and cafes would be well served by an early-morning Sunday Mass. In 1936, with permission of Patrick Cardinal Hayes, the first 4 A.M. Mass was celebrated. Ninety worshipers attended. Since then it has been a regular part of the schedule. Taxi drivers, policemen, and other night workers also find it convenient.

With St. Malachy's established as a church for theater folk, the parish duties changed. The neighborhood was still served, but the priests adapted themselves to new conditions. A sick call at night might bring a priest to a Broadway star in a swank hotel suite, or to a penniless actor in a drab rooming house,

Father Leonard had a good-humored, informal way of presiding over his church. Father Patrick A. Gallagher, pastor of St. Patrick's

church in Richmond, Staten Island, who spent 28 years at St. Malachy's, recalls that one Sunday when he was a newcomer in the parish, he prepared his sermon with great care. As he was about to preach, Father Leonard interrupted to say that he would deliver the sermon, for he had an important message.

It was the Sunday of a special collection. Father Leonard's message was that he had just spied three worshipers in the back row who, if each passed the plate with one hand and wore a boxing glove on the other, would be ideally suited for the job. The congregation turned and saw in the last row Frank Moran, Harry Greb, and Ted (Kid) Lewis, three stalwarts of the prize ring. They took up the collection, bare-fisted.

Being within a block of Madison Square Garden, the church is visited by many boxing celebrities. When the circus is at the Garden, many of the performers visit St. Malachy's: aerialists, animal trainers, midgets, clowns.

Many distinguished stars have been buried from the Actors' chapel. In 1926 hundreds of people gathered there, and thousands gathered in the street outside, in a hysterical demonstration of mourning for that idol of silent pictures, Rudolph Valentino. Other funerals have been those of Thomas Meighan, another star of silent films, for whom Morton Downey sang at the requiem Mass; Wilton Lackaye, revered star of *Trilby*; Jack Donahue, tops among the dancers;

and Fred Allen, one of the most gifted comedians of our time.

Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa were married in the Actors' chapel by Father Leonard, after Portland had become a Catholic. She is still a loyal friend of St. Malachy's. Portland is now the wife of Joe Rines, wel-known musician and conductor.

When Fred Allen would leave St. Malachy's on a Sunday morning, several characters would always accost him for handouts. Fred never turned these men down; he always referred to them as his "pensioners." One Sunday a familiar face was missing from the group. Fred hadn't walked a block before he saw a message from the absent brother pasted on a store window: "Dear Fred, send the \$2 to me at Bellevue."

Father Leonard was guest of honor at a big testimonial dinner one memorable night in 1937, when 600 of his friends gathered at the Hotel Astor to do him honor. He had just been made a Papal Chamberlain. Gene Buck, the brilliant showman, was toastmaster. He called on George M. Cohan to speak. The "Yankee Doodle Dandy" told the assemblage, "I never met any other priest who was so loved, so revered, and so admired as is Monsignor Leonard."

In November, 1940, Monsignor Leonard died at the age of 70. More than 1,500 persons attended his funeral at St. Malachy's.

The new pastor was Msgr. James B. O'Reilly, who had been assistant pastor since 1926. He carried on dili-

gently until a bleak day last March, when he was stricken with a fatal heart attack. St. Malachy's people remember him fondly as an understanding friend.

Msgr. Philip J. Nolan became the pastor last April. He is a friendly man with a quick smile and a ready sense of humor. On his first Sunday in his new parish, a woman visitor asked him, in rather demanding tones, "What celebrated people of the theater do we have with us this morning?" "I don't know, madam," he replied, flashing his quick smile, "I'm a stranger here myself."

Monsignor Nolan has two assistants, Father William Shelley and

Father Henry Kaufman.

Barney Brannigan, the sexton, not in the best of health now, treasures yellowed newspaper clippings which tell of events that took place during the years of his service to his beloved Father Leonard. Paul Creston, distinguished composer and musician, has been organist at St. Malachy's for 26 years. "I think Father Leonard liked to listen to music," he says, "but I suspect that he preferred to listen to actors and their troubles."

For years Monsignor Nolan has fended off jokes about the fact that his name is the same as that of the celebrated "Man Without a Country" in Edward Everett Hale's famous story. Today, if anyone suggests that he is, in a sense, "a pastor without a parish," he answers in the true tradition of St. Malachy's, "Broadway is my parish!"

That House on Pennsylvania Avenue

Most Presidents' families indulge an American hankering: to take an old house and "do it over"

B EING ELECTED President of the U.S. includes among other privileges the right to do over the White House. However, there are certain limitations.

The State rooms, those official reception areas, are traditionally considered too important to be subject to the whims of a particular family's

personal taste.

If changes in these rooms are in order, commissions of experts are usually appointed to decide on them. That has been the custom since 1902, when the main floor was restored to early 19th-century elegance.

But the White House living quarters (the historic Lincoln bedroom and the Rose room excepted) are completely at the disposal of each

new executive family.

The private portion of the White House contains 54 rooms and 16 baths, and is served by five elevators. It includes not only guest bedrooms but extra parlors, kitchens, and a solarium. Within these confines, a sizable home by any standards, the President's family may choose any colors they like and any furnishings they see fit. So for 160 years the



White House has reflected America's

changing tastes.

In the early days, the emphasis was on splendor. Some of President Monroe's Paris purchases of Empire furniture are now regarded as priceless heirlooms. But in his day the expensive foreign imports called forth roars of public protest. In the 1820's, Congress passed a law requiring that White House furnishings be of domestic make "as far as practicable."

But the bill did little to halt the vogue for the French motif. President Van Buren was bitterly castigated for high living amid the "costly fripperies of Europe." Even that man

of the people Andrew Jackson was criticized for his hankering for foreign elegance, despite his acquisition of a set of 20 cuspidors at a bargain

price of \$2.

After the 1850's, the Victorian influence began to predominate in the White House, as it did in other homes throughout the nation. The light, graceful lines of the classical periods gave way to massive sideboards and wardrobes, marble-topped dressers and horsehair sofas; to curlicues and busy wallpaper patterns.

By 1881, when wealthy Vice President Chester Arthur succeeded to the White House upon President Garfield's assassination, the executive mansion was cluttered with a motley accumulation of goods and furniture.

President Arthur was something of a dandy, and he regarded his own taste as impeccable. He promptly cleared out 24 cartloads of discarded stuff and had it sold at public auction. In its place he substituted an extravaganza of lavish decoration that included heavy gold wallpaper, pomegranate plush draperies, and a famous opalescent glass screen by Tiffany that reached from floor to ceiling in the entrance hall.

Two decades were to go by before the next major upheaval occurred. When Theodore Roosevelt moved in, he ordered that the White House be divided into three areas: administrative, domestic, and formal. An executive wing was added, and living quarters were done over. The State rooms reverted to the simple and dignified late-Georgian period of their beginnings. The executive mansion became a kind of lived-in museum; now only in the private quarters could the first lady practice her own style of homemaking.

Mrs. William Howard Taft introduced a touch of the East to the 2ndfloor Oval room by installing teakwood furniture and Oriental screens from the Philippines. Mr. Taft had served there as America's first civil

governor.

Mrs. Coolidge literally "raised the roof" while in the White House.

She had a sky parlor built.

Mrs. Hoover made a sitting room of the wide corridor outside the presidential apartments, brightening it with South American rugs and other mementos of the Hoovers' world-wide travels.

The Franklin Delano Roosevelt clan moved in with a large collection of personal trophies. They found good use for new kitchen facilities, stragetically placed to accommodate the constant stream of household

guests.

Oddly enough, it remained for the Trumans to see the White House through its greatest change, though most people think of Harry and Bess Truman as a simple, small-town couple. But the change that the White House underwent during their stay was beyond their control.

During a reception one evening in 1948 a huge crystal chandelier be-

gan swaying unaccountably. There was no breeze. An investigation disclosed that the whole building was in immediate danger of collapse! A total reconstruction was undertaken. Now only the historic white shell remains. The Trumans spent much of the President's 2nd administration across the street at Blair House, usually reserved for White House

guests, while the White House was undergoing repairs.

The Eisenhowers have made almost no changes in the historic structure on Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington. Apparently they have been satisfied, as was Abigail Adams, the first first lady to occupy the White House, that here was a place built "for ages to come."



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

A comparatively small number of Latin and Greek roots enter into the make-up of thousands of English words. The root, or stem, is the core of the word. If you recognize the root of a word, you can often determine the meaning of an unfamiliar word.

The Latin noun jus, juris means right, law, oath. Of the many words built from this root, only a dozen are listed below. Recognize them? See if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

	Column A		Column B
1.	perjury	a)	A solemn oath or swearing.
2.	juridical	b)	One who professes or is versed in the law.
3.	prejudicial		The science or philosophy of law.
4.	jurist	d)	Capable of being shown to be right according to law or custom; rightful.
5.	abjure	e)	Of or pretaining to law in general.
6.	justifiable	f)	To renounce under oath; disavow; recant.
7.	judicious	g)	Voluntary violation of an oath; false testimony.
8.	jurisprudence	h)	Authority to govern or legislate; control.
9.	adjuration	i)	A member of a group sworn to hear evidence and determine fact in a law case.
10.	juror	j)	To try or hear according to law; to act as judge.
11.	jurisdiction	k)	Directed or governed by right reasoning.
12.	adjudicate	1)	Tending to impair the rights of another; damaging.

(Answers on page 54)

A Big Sister for Angela

"She's so awful that she appeals to me," said the airline hostess

Even from the back, where you could not see her face, Angela bore the stamp of a delinquent. She half stood, half slouched in front of the judge and the circle of impassive faces around his desk.

Her long black hair, pinned up in an attempted Bardot style, was held sloppily by what must have been a whole card of bobby pins. Her short, dusky neck above a green-and-whiteprint blouse and blue-and-white polka-dotted skirt might have been olive-hued or just dirty. She wore the inevitable cheap, scuffed flats.

"Have you ever been in this court before?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Yes, sir," was the low, defiant

"That's right," said the judge, leafing through a sheaf of papers handed him by a woman probation officer of Manhattan Children's Court, New York City.

"Let's see." He waded through a mass of statistics. "That was six months ago. You were picked up in a doorway at 2 A.M. with three other 13-year-olds and brought here on a

charge of loitering. Your mother admitted she had told you to 'get lost' while she entertained a friend, and I dismissed the case when both of you promised not to let it happen again. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Angela, you are charged with truancy, striking your teacher, and breaking the glass in the door of your classroom in a display of violence. Is that correct?"

She clasped her hands and did not answer.

Several court attendants and a case worker from the office of the



^{*}Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. August, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

Catholic Big Sisters watched as the judge tried to make his difficult decision.

Over and over, in this small, bare room, softened only by the light green walls and the American flag behind his desk, he must make such a decision. On a second or third offense, the assignment could be to one of the homes run by Sisters of the Good Shepherd—or perhaps the state training school, where the offender might learn a trade, and might also fall in with companions who would increase her bitterness towards society.

"Would you like to say anything?" asked the judge, still groping.

Suddenly the plump figure was racked with sobs. She whispered, "I'm sorry I done it."

There was a break in the slightly strained atmosphere.

After a few moments the judge said, "All right, Angela, I'm going to give you another chance. You have been dismissed from school, as you know. You will receive some tutoring at home, and at the end of a certain time, if you do well, you may enter one of the '600' schools (New York City's special public schools for delinquents)."

"Now Angela, you're a pretty girl and a bright one"—this was hardly apparent—"and I'm going to ask a Big Sister to talk to you."

Angela, heavily made up, with a sun-tan base thick enough to scrape off with a blunt knife, lampblack around her eyes, and a weird white lipstick on her mouth, entered one of the two small rooms occupied by the Catholic Big Sisters in the same building. She showed little inclination to cooperate.

At the same moment, Miss Hortense Baffa, director of the Big Sisters, was interviewing a pretty, trim airline hostess who had just applied as a volunteer.

Mercedes, a striking brunette from Texas, wished to do something useful with her time between flights, usually on weekends. She was being briefed on the duties of a Big Sister. A volunteer promises to see her girl at least twice a month for six months or more. She must make every effort to know her charge, help her spiritually and show her that someone really does care.

The screening process for Big Sisters is careful. The emphasis is always on the fact that if anyone is to be hurt, it must not be the child. Already disillusioned with adults, she must not be the victim of further disappointments.

"If you make a date to take your charge shopping, or to the zoo or a museum, and then a more attractive date offers itself, your date with the child comes first. Do you understand that?" asked Miss Baffa.

"Of course," said Mercedes.

At that moment Angela was brought in. Her studied indifference was broken only by a quick appraisal of Mercedes' uniform and her upswept hairdo, which had no visible means of support. Miss Baffa made a quick decision. Might it just be that God had brought these two to her office at the same time for some purpose? She had hardly finished her initial interview with Mercedes. Usually a potential Big Sister is given time to think the matter over before she undertakes a case.

"Excuse me," Miss Baffa said.
"Will you come with me, Mercedes, while I get some papers you must fill

out?"

In the adjoining room she asked, "What do you think? You seem eager, and there are many other children on our books, but I wonder, did you like Angela?"

"I did. I really did," Mercedes said enthusiastically. "She's so awful

that she appeals to me."

"All right," said Miss Baffa. "I'm going to break a precedent and assign her to you. When would you like to start?"

"Right away."

Mercedes decided that her first objective (as is often the case) would

be to take Angela shopping.

She made a date to meet her at a 5th Ave. corner that afternoon. Big Sisters are not encouraged to meet at homes, where sometimes the very color of their skin is a handicap. However, once a case is accepted, Miss Baffa insists that there be one home visit. "You can't work with children and ignore their parents," she says.

Window-shopping along 5th Ave., Mercedes learned a great deal about her new charge. Angela was unhappy at home. She was unhappy at school. Her obesity ruled out the popularity she sought desperately, and drove her to the extreme makeup she had adopted to attract attention.

Realizing that tasteful clothes were one of Angela's greatest needs, Mercedes, with help from various sources, was able on subsequent dates to outfit her with a good-looking all-season coat, several new scarfs, stockings, and comfortable shoes. Angela's posture improved immediately.

Slowly, Mercedes taught her the tricks of make-up and hair care. As the weeks went by, and Angela discovered that she was not going to be dropped by her new friend, her confidence increased. She became obsessed with a desire to be like her in

every way.

Some excerpts from Mercedes' reports show how the relationship progressed. "She'd chopped her hair, not too becomingly. Trimmed and set hair, gave her a manicure. She said she was interested in sewing. Thought I would take her with me when shopping for material. Seems like a perfectly normal girl to me, certainly not a delinquent. Angela and I met for Mass and breakfast, since it was a holyday. Went out to her apartment (neat and clean) and showed her how to make a skirt. Impressed by her courtesy, invited in, received cordially."

Another time: "Surprised to see

her light cigarette two-thirds way through movie. Of course, I smoke like a chimney, so didn't mention. Picked her up at home, while she tried on bathing suit provided by buyer-roommate . . . helped with homework . . . investigating prospects for summer job."

By the time Mercedes was transferred to a new run she could look with satisfaction upon her one assignment as a Big Sister. Her charge, tremendously improved in appearance, had re-entered school, and was showing a genuine interest in her

studies.

She had gone to Confession with Mercedes and was attending Mass regularly. (At the beginning of the relationship, Angela, a baptized Catholic, did not even know what parish she was in, and admitted she knew very little about her religion.)

Neither Mercedes nor the Big Sister organization counts on a happily-ever-after conclusion. Angela is only 15, with many obstacles in the way of attaining her goal of a position as an airline hostess. Yet the timely influence and interest of a Big Sister when she was headed violently in the wrong direction have made a decent life possible for her.

Angela still visits the Big Sister office. On her last visit she brought her report card to show her marks. Mercedes still reports. "When I left I said I'd probably be a bit lonesome and hoped to receive mail. She quickly said she would write. Am enclosing second letter, the most

significant that she has written."

Let's meet Kathy, who is in the "preventive" category. Kathy, 12, has never been in court. But her older sister has, and her older broth-

er. They are both away.

Kathy is the oldest of five remaining children. Her father is dead. Her mother, on welfare, is asthmatic and has a heart condition. She goes regularly to a clinic in one of the city's hospitals, and insists that she needs Kathy at home to care for the younger children. Her principal brought Kathy to the attention of the Catholic Big Sisters. (If she were Protestant or Jewish she would have been referred to their Big Sister organizations.)

Kathy, frail in appearance, old beyond her years, and withdrawn, was matched with Rosemary, who had written on her application, "Young girls seem to like me. I don't care what nationality, race, or anything

else I get."

Here is Rosemary reporting: "This time, my second outing with Kathy, she was much more animated and responsive. It was a real reward to have her talk. Very interested in boat ride to the Statue of Liberty, figuring out maps on the platform, guide spiel, etc. I noticed two things: shyness and a desperate need for eyeglasses.

"Today, Coney Island. She wanted sailor doll and I bought it; very touched by way she seemed to enjoy

ride on carousel together."

Last fall Rosemary felt herself a

failure when Kathy's mother complained of the girl's rebelliousness and her staying out late. Kathy's explanation is that she is at a girl friend's house listening to records and talking. She says it is impossible to have guests at home because her family lives in one room and her little brothers stare at guests.

Rosemary continues her fight with one individual against age-old problems. Her latest report: "Visited new Guggenheim art gallery. Kathy sees well with her new glasses, says her ambition is to work in office. Tried to get her interested in apply-

ing to Catholic high school."

What makes a good Big Sister? "You can't tell by looking at them," says Miss Marion Dailey, a full-time case worker on the staff. "I remember one unlikely applicant who seemed all wrong for the job. We kept her name in the file three months, hesitating to give her an assignment. Yet she has turned out to be one of our most loyal and hard-working Big Sisters. She has done wonders for two charges in institutions. She visits them every single week."

Another volunteer, who looked every inch the part, called for her child in a white convertible Cadillac, took her to lunch at the Stork club, then to the top of the Empire State building, and wound up the afternoon at the Rainbow room. The little girl was very unhappy. She said, "I didn't like being with all those rich people."

Since many of the charges will never be people of means, Big Sisters are encouraged to introduce them to the free recreations of the city. "They mustn't like you for the money you spend," is the advice given. "Use the same imagination you would with a visiting niece."

Volunteer Catholic Big Sisters must be over 21 and must have at least a high-school education. Applications are received by Mrs. Ambrose Connor, secretary, at 235 W. 23rd

St., New York City.

The Big Sisters do not duplicate the work of any other agency.

"We are small, and we must remain that way. Any person thrown on the resources of the city's welfare agencies becomes a case with a number. To us they must remain flesh-and-blood people," Miss Baffa says.

"We have a definite knowledge of our limitations," says Mrs. James U. Oliver, treasurer. "We don't take any drug addicts, or people needing professional help. We must avoid the implication of being lady bountifuls. We don't hand out money; that would be taking over prerogatives of the welfare department. Just say no child of ours is going to make her First Communion without a pretty dress."

Some politicians run for office because they have more agility than ability. F. G. Kernan.

Hero at the Keyboard

A great musician became a great statesman at a critical hour for his country

THE MASTER of the keyboard had played encore after encore. Now he pushed back his piano stool and bowed to his Carnegie hall audience, but they had no intention of leaving. Surging toward the stage, they demanded more. The lights were turned off; still they would not go. Paderewski had to request lights again and resume playing.

For it was a really special occasion: his first concert in five years. Closing his piano after a 1917 Metropolitan Opera recital, Paderewski had said firmly, "I shall not play again until Poland is free." Now he was 62, his golden mane turned to silver. At that age, and after a five-year break in practice, could he play as brilliantly as ever? His admirers feared not. Hence, their exuberance when he displayed his old magic touch.

His concert career had spanned three decades and four continents, bringing world-wide adulation and a \$5 million fortune. He had given most of his fortune away; and he was yet to earn and give away much of another \$5 million.

Neither money nor acclaim had come easily at first. Paderewski's

American debut in 1891 was far from sensational. Having fled from Carnegie hall to his hotel room, he practiced earnestly for the next day's concert until sleepy guests pounded indignantly on the radiator pipes. Then he rushed off to the Steinway warehouse, awakened the watchman, and practiced there all night by candlelight.

His reward was a more successful second recital. After his third New York concert, Paderewski caught on like a prairie fire. Women tossed bouquets at him. Critics hailed his genius as he gave 107 triumphal performances in a whirlwind 90-day



Ignace Paderewski

tour. Each day he practiced and played an astounding total of 17 hours.

His second U.S. tour grossed an unprecedented \$180,000. In the course of it, he won the gratitude of young Herbert Hoover and a friend. The Stanford university boys had guaranteed the pianist's agent \$2,000 for a concert, but scheduled it for Holy Week, and grossed only \$1,600. Would Paderewski accept a promissory note? He surprised the boys by directing them to first pay their other expenses. They got another surprise when they returned; he gave them \$320.

"That's your share," Paderewski said. "I'll settle for the remainder."

It was less than \$1,000.

Years later, when the musician was premier of Poland after the 1st World War, Hoover was able to help him feed his countrymen.

Admired for his virtuosity, Paderewski also was loved for his personal qualities. Whenever he was expected at his villa in Morges, Switzerland, overlooking Lake Geneva, flags and banners lined the streets, and his picture popped up in every window.

Once his private Pullman car rolled into San Antonio, Texas, at 3 A.M. Even at that hour a crowd was waiting to cheer him. When a porter appeared, and said reverently, "The master is asleep," his fans left silently. They returned in midmorning to applaud their hero. Wherever his car was stationed, rail-

road workers listened enchanted to his practicing.

Away from the piano, Paderewski indulged some very human foibles. He was passionately fond of food, and on U.S. tours he would wire ahead to order the next town's specialty. Once, after a meal prepared by his own chef, Paderewski called his waiter.

"Tell Copper," he said, "that the fish was wonderful; the entree superb; the dessert a positive triumph."

"What did Copper say?" the pianist later asked the waiter.

"He said to tell you, sir, that the

soup was good, too."

Paderewski hated drafts. He kept has train windows tightly closed at all times, much to the discomfort of his staff. And he demanded a warm concert hall, without any stirring of air.

To insure his best performance, Paderewski set aside at least an hour directly before each concert for meditation. His valet dressed him silently. No one talked on the ride to the hall, or immediately before he appeared onstage. Once, someone spoke to him on his way to the stage. He swung around, returned to his dressing room, and remained there about 20 minutes before he recaptured his mood.

Still, he had few outbursts of real temperament. Annoyed by noisy latecomers in Manchester, England, he abruptly left the stage in the middle of a Chopin ballade. But he always gave generous encores, sometimes playing continuously for a full hour.

Paderewski found a corner somewhere for any admirer appealing directly to him for a ticket. Once in his youth he had been denied admission to a sold-out Anton Rubinstein concert after he had scrimped for weeks to go to Paris. He was determined that no one who wanted to hear him play would ever be disappointed.

At times, his concern extended to those unable to attend his concerts at all. He once gave a private recital for ten music-loving cloistered nuns. Five years later he repeated

his performance.

Paderewski was touchingly sentimental. One evening after a tumultuous reception in a Midwest town, he sat glumly backstage.

"Are you ill?" an aide inquired

solicitously.

"No, no," Paderewski answered, "but I miss my friends, the old grayhaired couple."

"Who were they?"

"Oh, I never met them," said the pianist, "but for 20 years, maybe more, they've come to my concerts here. They always sit in the fourth row. I liked the way they listened, and in this town I always played for them. I hope nothing is wrong."

A sad boyhood may have contributed to Paderewski's tenderheartedness. He was born 100 years ago on Nov. 6, 1860, in an isolated Polish village. He lost his mother while he was still an infant. The boy was only three when a band of Cossacks imprisoned his father for a year.

Ignace was already interested in the piano. From prison his father hired the only available teacher, an aging violinist. The boy sometimes hid in a tree to escape his lessons. But he would play for hours at a time for his father.

Scarcely anyone shared his father's enthusiasm for Ignace's talent. When he was 12, Warsaw conservatory students laughed at his fingers, so stubby that they could hardly span an octave. Even his teachers were discouraging. His piano instructor said, "Don't try to play the piano. You will never become a pianist. Never." Only the trombone teacher predicted a bright futureplaying the trombone.

Paderewski fell in love with a conservatory student who did believe in him in those hard years. At 20, then teaching there, he married her. His short, happy marriage ended a year later when his young wife died, leaving a hopelessly crippled

son.

To support himself and the infant, Paderewski taught at European conservatories. For private lessons students paid him 23¢ an hour. Yet he managed to study composition.

He still dreamed of becoming a concert pianist. A warm reception cheered him when he appeared with Helena Modjeska, a popular Polish actress, in 1884, but he went to Leschetizky for more training. "It's too late to correct your faulty fingering," said the Viennese master. But Paderewski's persistence surprised him.

His first Vienna concert in 1887 won high praise, and his Paris debut was a sensation. When London critics were cool, Paderewski insisted that his advertising quote the adverse reviews. Even so, he played throughout England with great success. He triumphantly toured the U.S. the next year, and eventually played to thunderous applause in South America, Australia, and Africa.

When not globe-trotting, Paderrewski often relaxed at his 26-room Swiss villa. After 1899, he enjoyed this European retreat with his second wife, ex-Baroness de Rosen, daughter of a Russian ambassador to the U.S. Here they happily gardened, kept bees, cultivated tropical fruit, and raised cows and chickens.

Paderewski pursued these hobbies with great enthusiasm. He paid \$7,500 for two pair of fancy chickens and a rooster from Kansas. His chickens won prizes at international exhibits. His ultramodern poultry house featured glass troughs.

Occasionally the great pianist relaxed by playing pranks on his guests. He particularly enjoyed hiding a pillow-stuffed dummy in a guest's bed and watching the reaction from behind a door.

But all was not play even at the villa. To maintain his superlative form, Paderewski practiced regularly

on one of his seven pianos. "When I miss practice one day," he said, "I know it; when I miss two days, my wife knows it; when I miss three days, the public knows it."

After Queen Victoria heard him play, she exclaimed, "Mr. Paderew-

ski, you are a genius!"

"Ah, your Majesty, perhaps so," said Paderewski. "But before I was

a genius, I was a drudge."

If he was a drudge, he was a versatile one, composing as well as playing. His *Minuet*, written in his student days in Vienna, is famous; and his works include a Polish opera, *Manru*, and a symphony expressing the tragic history of his people.

A saddened Paderewski dedicated himself completely to helping his people when Europe burst into war in 1914. He crisscrossed the U.S. tirelessly, playing and speaking to raise money for Polish relief. Deserting his piano in 1917, he concentrated on raising a Polish-American army to fight for the Allies overseas.

His eloquence as an orator astonished hundreds of American audiences accustomed to his virtuosity with music. For 40 minutes one evening in 1915 he held a crowded Carnegie hall spellbound. So moved was Masaryk, Czech leader and key speaker, that he tore up his speech. Anything he could have added, he explained later, would have been anticlimactic.

After the war Paderewski united Polish factions into a coalition government. Impoverished Poles stood barefoot in the snow to vote in the first popular election in almost 150 years. The new Parliament overwhelmingly confirmed Paderewski

as premier.

At Versailles he pressed Poland's claims with a skill that amazed Wilson and Clemenceau. By December, 1919, Poland was once more on the map, and Paderewski had steered it through a major crisis.

For five years he had given everything of himself, even his fortune. He gave \$2.7 million to Polish relief alone. Huge sums went to hospitals abroad. By 1922 he was nearly broke.

The old generosity marked Paderewski's comeback. A 1932 benefit for unemployed musicians jammed 16,-000 into Madison Square Gardenthe largest throng ever to hear a concert-and netted the jobless artists \$50,000. At 73, the next year, Paderewski gave a benefit for England's depression-stricken musicians.

At 76, in London, he starred in a movie, Moonlight Sonata. Although frail, he toured the U.S. two years later for the 20th and final time. Having booked 25 concerts for 1939, he canceled five because of illness.

Hitler attacked Poland that fall.

Once more Paderewski abandoned his piano, and once more he gave money lavishly to aid his starving countrymen. And he became president of the Polish parliament in

On his 80th birthday in November, 1940, Paderewski arrived in New York, bound for a rest at his California ranch. But he felt compelled to make speeches condemning the nazis. Against the advice of his physician, he spoke in New Jersey one night. Four days later, on June 29, 1941, he died of pneumonia.

Cardinal Spellman eulogized the master pianist and statesman at St. Patrick's cathedral. At President Roosevelt's suggestion, he was buried in Arlington national cemetery-an honor usually reserved for national heroes-until his body could be transferred to a liberated Poland.

The Poles, patriot Paderewski firmly believed, deserve to see that day. As he said, "There flows throughout our whole history a stream of humanity, of generosity, of tolerance so broad, so powerful, and so pure that it would be vain indeed to look for a similar one in the past of any other European country.'



A famous professional football player was fined \$100 by his manager for breaking training.

"What did I do now?" demanded the player aggrievedly.

"You know very well," retorted the manager. "Don't think I don't know about that disgraceful hotel episode in Detroit."

"You're way off!" retorted the halfback. "There ain't no Hotel Episode in Detroit." Mrs. S. Lee.

WOOD CARVINGS Come to Life

Quebec School Children Bear Remarkable Resemblance to Ancient Church Statues

Photographs by Lida Moser





Schoolboy poses proudly with winged angel, done by Louis Jobin in 1880.

Visiting Quebec City's Provincial museum, U.S. photographer Lida Moser fell in love with its prized collection of antique wooden statues. Collectors' items all (plaster statues replaced them on Canadian altars about 75 years ago), the wood carvings exemplify the special artistry of early French colonists.

As photographer Moser studied the quaint figures a group of school

children passed by.

"I stared from their faces to the statues," says Miss Moser. "It was uncanny—just as though the statues had come to life."

Within minutes, Miss Moser obtained permission from museum director Gerard Morrisett to record her discovery on film. With no special effort, she was able to match up statues and youngsters. The resulting pictures gave vivid testimony to the fact that early Canadian sculptors used their fellow settlers as models. The school children looked like the wood carvings because their ancestors had posed for them.



Student from Ecole Moderne hoists her look-alike: St. Jean Baptiste with lamb.

Even without trumpet, serious lad exactly resembles 1789 angel by artist Philippe Liebert.



Pierre Goulel and 1810 angel by François Baillarge have same gentle smile.





One-Way Ticket to Australia

Every week, 3,000 migrants are starting afresh in the "innocent continent"

When Vol. Heath, a young mail-order salesman from Raleigh, N.C., picked up his discharge from the Marines, he decided to strike out in business on his own. He knew what he wanted: a mail-order house where competition was low and the chance of success high. But where?

He found the answer sitting across the dinette table: his wife, Susanne, a chic, brunette Australian girl.

Vol had met and married Susanne when he was based in Melbourne during the 2nd World War. Now he remembered that Australia's second city didn't have even one directmail selling business.

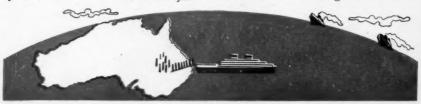
"That's the place for us," he announced. Within three months the Heaths were in Melbourne, setting up Heath's Direct Mail Service.

Today, Vol has the biggest specialty business in Australia, with a yearly turnover of \$350,000 and a 50-man staff.

He is just one of 15,000 Americans and a million and a half Europeans and Britons who, since the war, have cut their roots and sailed halfway round the world to settle in Australia.

For every single week of the last 12 years an average of nearly 3,000 people from every corner of the globe have arrived Down Under. By absorbing them into its own population of 8 million, Australia has exceeded even the massive immigration rate set by the U.S. during the last century.

In Australia, the destitute, the homeless, and the adventuresome have discovered a booming, sunny home offering limitless opportunity and sturdy, affable people as neighbors. Hundreds, like Vol Heath, have found something of a bonanza.



Frank de Pasquale, an Italian, arrived penniless with his family. Ten years later he had a \$500,000 spaghetti-manufacturing plant, exporting part of his product to, of all places, Italy.

Hans Hoeppner, a young German who had been torpedoed in the Atlantic and interned in Britain, sailed for Australia with only a burning ambition to make good. He became a truck driver. Now he owns a fleet of trucks.

But if Australia has changed the Heaths, the de Pasquales, and the Hoeppners, that is as nothing compared to the change they have wrought on Australia. They have changed the face and fabric of the "innocent continent" so quickly and so thoroughly that the result still dazzles the old easygoing Australians.

They have jerked the land from its isolationism, pumped it with a spectacular new vigor, helped triple the gross national product, injected new cultures, and altered the eating habits.

Australia has discovered an old truth: people mean wealth. The skills of the New Australians, as immigrants are called, have affected every pocket of government and private business.

Stoked by immigration, Australian steel production, housing, copper, and cement output, and refrigerator manufacture have more than doubled.

New Australians have fanned out all over the continent, buckling down to jobs that most fun-loving Australians find distasteful. Italians have swarmed to the tropical north in Queensland to cut sugar cane, one of the cruelest jobs under the sun. Fifty per cent of all railroad employees are migrants.

In the Australian Alps, where American companies are building a huge hydroelectric plant to turn water from a frozen wilderness into new lifeblood for industry and home, half the workers are New Australians.

Yugoslavs and Scots have stabbed deep into Central Australia, the nation's vast, lonely, sun-blistered heart, to shear sheep and round up cattle. Their nearest neighbor is often 300 miles away.

Clad only in shorts and boots, Poles, Germans, and Dutch drill uranium in the stifling heat of Rum Jungle, 60 miles below Darwin, Australia's northern port.

Hungarians, Estonians, and Swedes repair railroad tracks on the Nullabor plain, a wretched, withering desert spanning 1,000 miles and linking South and West Australia. They are watched at work by the most primitive aborigines on earth.

But migrants have given Australia more than manual skill and labor. They have introduced their music, ballet, art, and cuisine to a nation that lived outdoors and largely ignored the refinements of European living.

After a century of steak and eggs and Irish stew, the jet-age Australian can take his choice from restaurant menus as varied as any in Paris. Migrant-managed stores bulge with Dutch cheeses, Scandinavian canned fish, Italian spaghetti sauces, German sausages, French spices and caviar. Exotic espresso shops are as common in Sydney as in San Francisco.

Australia's six symphony orchestras, three of which are conducted by foreign-born musicians, always play to jammed houses. The New South Wales Labor government will pay most of the \$10 million cost of an audaciously designed opera house in Sydney.

One Australian said, "A few years ago no labor government would have given a penny for an opera house."

American stars sing to their most enthusiastic audiences in former boxing stadiums. *My Fair Lady* was as big a hit in Melbourne as it was in New York and Moscow.

Although no more than 500 of the 15,000 Americans who have settled in Australia have taken out citizenship papers, they are probably the happiest, keenest immigrants.

Says Vol Heath, "Any young man with an open mind, determined to succeed, can do better here than anywhere. But he should remember he is working in this young and fast-developing country not for himself so much as for his children."

Heath has learned to live without central heating (Australians prefer the old-fashioned fireplace), flashy night clubs, built-in closets, good coffee, and modern water-heating

systems.

"But," he adds, "the physical differences between the U.S. and Australia are not as great as you think. In fact, there is far more difference between a New Yorker and a Texan than there is between the average Yank and the Australian."

Most of the Americans emigrating at the rate of 1,500 a year to Australia are single young men: carpenters, mechanics, accountants, engineers, and schoolteachers.

Australian immigration officials make no secret of the fact that they would like more American migrants. But because the U.S. itself is in the market for people, they have not launched a powerful recruiting drive.

But skilled and semiskilled workers can merely name their trades and report for work. The Australian government pays \$150 toward the fare and additional amounts for a wife and all children under 16.

Before the 2nd World War, Australia's massive immigration scheme would never have gotten off the ground. Australians were too suspicious and critical of foreigners. But when the Japanese overran the islands at the country's front door and bombs fell on Australian soil for the first time, they saw their plight.

They had 7.5 million people, 150 million sheep, 8 million kangaroos, and uncountable hordes of rabbits in a land the size of the U.S. minus

Alaska.

Deeply conscious of the 1.5 billion Asians to the north who increase steadily every six months by a number equal to the population of Australia, the Australians jumped into a well-organized migration scheme with gusto.

That it succeeded was due mainly to the man who conceived and pushed it: the Laborite minister for immigration, Arthur Calwell, a

Catholic.

Mr. Calwell, now the party leader, hammered home the slogan "populate or perish." He set a target of 20

million by 1980.

Australia, which has adamantly refused to open its doors to Asians, looked to Europe for its people. Postwar Europe bulged with refugees, many bearing the nazi tattoo, most haunted with memories of tyranny, and nearly all anxious to start life over again. Australia tapped this reservoir.

Britons, tired of war and rationing, sought a new beginning. Australia, which had decided to keep its migrants 50% British, was delighted to welcome them.

Soon, the great one-way traffic began. Australia, desperately short of housing, bundled most of the new arrivals into temporary camps and hostels, often little better than those they had endured in Europe.

Éuropeans were accepted on the condition that they work for two years in any position for which the government chose to draft them. The idea was to protect the jobs of Old Australians and to man industries the Australians themselves were reluctant to tackle.

As a result, doctors cropped wheat and dug coal, lawyers manned steel mills and factories, bankers laid bricks and built dams. Their wives washed hospital floors, waited on tables, and worked knitting machines in woolen mills.

The sudden absorption of so many people inevitably touched off some tensions. Critics claimed migrants were taking their jobs. Migrants protested that Australian girls were hostile.

Foreign, unfamiliar names began appearing in criminal courts. A Sydney newspaper complained, "Hundreds of criminals, many of them violent and murderous men, have been admitted into the country."

A special committee, headed by a Supreme Court judge, launched an investigation. It found the crime rate among Old Australians 30% higher than among New Australians.

The passage of time, an awareness of the migrants' tremendous contributions to the nation, and the happy process of getting to know one another has healed practically all the scars.

No one has supported migration more strongly or more consistently than the Catholic hierarchy. Early in the program they issued a pastoral letter hailing it as "one of the most notable turning points in Australian history."

The bishops designated the last Sunday in February as Immigration day, a custom since adopted by Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Venezuela, Italy, and the Netherlands.

They set up a federal immigration committee to handle problems: watching over the newcomers' spiritual needs, locating lost relatives in Europe, raising interest-free travel loans.

The bishops have brought to Australia 125 European priests as migrant chaplains. Where the U.S. adopted the system of national parishes, the Australian bishops have tried to assimilate migrants into existing parishes.

Almost 50% of the migrants are Catholic, a fact that once prompted an Anglican bishop to urge the nation to maintain its "British and Protestant" heritage.

Norman Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, says that to date, migrants have made little contribution to the Church. "We are still in the infant stages of Catholic integration," he says, "and its fruits from the Church's point of view will not be seen until the second or third generation.

"Very few migrants belong to the sodalities and lay Catholic organizations. But the experts assure me that integration is always slow, and that we can do little to hasten it. At present, we are in the process of sowing. Those after us will do the reaping."



In Our Parish

In our parish, our neighbor's little girl came over to inform me that she was going to start school.

"That's wonderful, Mary," I told her. "And what do you think you will like

best about school?"

"Oh, spelling!" she exclaimed. "When grownups spell words little children aren't supposed to hear, I'll know what they're talking about." Kay McCarthy.

In our parish convent, the younger nuns had just returned from a special showing of the movie *Ben Hur*. They were praising it from every possible aspect.

An elderly Sister, who had not gone to the film, was listening dubiously to the others' use of words like stereophonic sound, panoramic screen, and cinemascope. Finally, she leaned forward and asked in all sincerity, "Sister, was it a talkie?"

Sister Janet Marie, o.s.u.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20.00 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



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to filming the life of Johnny Unitas, the screenplay will sound like pure hokum. It will contain the corniest gimmicks ever found in Horatio Alger, Cinderella, and Frank Merriwell.

Take a look. Poor but honest boy in Pittsburgh is grieved when his widowed mother is forced to support four small children. She even takes job as charwoman, and stalwart son strives to help. Boy struggles for education despite all odds against him. (Horatio Alger)

Turned down at Notre Dame and Indiana and other big universities for an athletic scholarship because he is a frail 145-pounder, determined youngster enters small University of Louisville. Drafted by home-town Pittsburgh Steelers, he's cut from squad. He plays sandlot football for \$6 a game. Don Kellett, a virile Fairy Godmother, waves magic wand, and boy becomes a member of the champions-to-be, the Baltimore Colts. (Cinderella)



Johnny Unitas gets off a pass.

Instantly he attains stardom. He throws one touchdown pass after another all season. In 1958 his heroics get Colts into sudden-death overtime against the New York Giants for the world title. Then more heroics win the game. Is equally incredible in another championship against Giants a year later. (Frank Merriwell)

Pretty silly, isn't it? Yet that's a rough approximation of the credulity-straining life of Johnny Unitas, quarterback extraordinary for the Baltimore Colts. He could be forgiven now if he coasted a bit. He doesn't, though. He still struggles every inch of the way, never satisfied

^{*}Columbus Plaza, New Haven, Conn. July, 1960. @ 1960, and reprinted with permission.

with anything short of perfection. In this burning ambition he's fortunate in having a spiritual kinsman in Ray Berry, the finest pass-catching end

in the game today.

"The football season is a lonely time of the year for me," says Johnny's pleasant wife, Dorothy. "Practice doesn't start each day until noon. But John is out of the house every morning at 8:30. He drives to the stadium with Ray Berry, and the two of them study game movies until the other players arrive. Then, when practice is over and the squad is dismissed, the two of them stay by themselves and run through pass patterns. He doesn't get home until 5:30."

Johnny is a good-size, rugged-looking kid who stands six feet one, and weighs a solid 195 pounds. He's so painfully quiet that he gives the impression of being modest—which he is.

Yet when he speaks of football, there is assurance in his voice. "Of course, I keep improving. If a man doesn't improve, he should quit.... A quarterback isn't taking chances when he knows where he's throwing the ball.... No. I never get discouraged. I always feel we can come back, even if we're trailing by two touchdowns."

His confidence was tested to the utmost in the "Greatest Game Ever Played." This was the play-off in 1958 between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants for the world championship. With two minutes to go the Giants led, 17 to 14. They had a 4th down and inches to go. Should the Giants gamble on a plunge or play safe and punt?

"Kick the ball," ordered the New York coach. "It will back them up to their own goal line. If they can score from that far back in two minutes,

they'll be entitled to it."

But a Unitas can puncture perfect strategy. He started to throw passes, mostly to Ray Berry. Then came a crisis. The Colts needed eight yards for a 1st down. Since time was of the essence, it had to be a pass. Even the Giant defenders were aware of it. All were on the alert. Unitas called for a buttonhook pass to his pet receiver, Berry.

Berry broke five yards beyond the scrimmage line, and wheeled for the pass. He was in the clear. Any quarterback would have thrown instantly, hoping that the receiver could bull his way for the necessary

extra three yards.

Not Unitas, though. So enormous is his confidence in his ability that he wanted to be sure that the entire eight yards were delivered in one package. He waved Berry downfield for three more steps. Then he hit him with the pass. So did a swarm of fast-closing Giant tacklers. The officials had to bring out the sticks to measure. It was a 1st down.

So sublime is his belief in his ability to eliminate risk by throwing accurately that he is unawed by the imminence of defeat. In less than two minutes he whisked the Colts

downfield far enough to click on a tying field goal in the final seconds

of play.

Then in the first sudden-death extra period in football championship history, he deftly drove the stampeding Colts to a touchdown and a 23-17 victory.

Not only did Unitas dominate that championship play-off but he dominated the next one last December. He did the sharpshooting and play calling that enabled the Colts to beat the Giants 31 to 16 for their second world title in a row.

It was a long, hard road that Johnny had to take to reach such a peak of eminence. His father died when the boy was only four years old. His mother struggled to keep the coal-delivery business going and, when times were slack, worked as a charwoman in Pittsburgh office

buildings.

She transmitted her determination to her four children by word and example. She took a job in a bakery, sold insurance, and studied book-keeping in night school. When she received the highest mark in a Pittsburgh civil-service examination, she was able to take a better paying job with the city, thus relieving the economic pressure a bit. She taught her family never to become discouraged. She taught them love of God. Her lessons were never forgotten.

When Johnny was a 12-year-old boy at St. Justin's, a nun asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. "A professional football player, Sister," said the still scrawny youngster, giving himself a goal that seemed beyond attainment. He both toughened his body and helped his family with manual work, such as delivering coal. In high school he became a quarterback. But he was so small at 145 pounds that major colleges turned him down for a scholarship. So he went to Louisville.

When Louisville played heavily favored Houston that season, it was 4th down and two to go on the 40. Unitas, a freshman, called for a forward pass.

"Check!" called out the senior fullback in the huddle. "I'll carry the ball. I can make two yards easily."

"You carry the ball when I give your signal," snapped Unitas. "I'm the boss out here. I call the plays." So he passed for a touchdown while engineering a major upset.

By his senior year Johnny had filled out to his present size. And he also had attracted some professional interest by his record over four seasons: 245 completions of 502 passes for 2,912 yards and 27 touchdowns. When the 1955 draft was held, the Pittsburgh Steelers took him on the ninth round, a rather high pick.

Upon graduation in June the eager Johnny went to work on a construction job to give him extra muscle. He was hard and fit when he reported to Walt Kiesling, the Steeler coach. But the Pittsburghers had

three other quarterbacks in camp.

In an intrasquad game Unitas threw two touchdown passes. But when the exhibition schedule opened, he sat on the bench. Just before camp disbanded, Kiesling handed Unitas his walking papers.

"I'm sorry, son," he said, "but we can't carry four quarterbacks."

He also handed Johnny \$10 bus fare home. The boy pocketed the money and thumbed his way back to Pittsburgh. By this time he was married, and every penny counted.

One last stab-he thought it was a last stab-at a pro career came when Unitas wired Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns, asking for a job. But Brown had just persuaded quarterback Otto Graham to postpone his retirement. However, he wired Unitas that he'd like to look at him the following season.

This ray of hope was sufficient to keep Johnny interested in football as a weekend diversion from his regular job as a construction worker. He played for a sandlot team, the Bloomfield Rams, at the munificent salary

of \$6 a game.

In the winter of 1956 the general manager of the Baltimore Colts, Don Kellett, was studying old draft and waiver lists. He noticed that Unitas was available. And Garv Krekorian, the Colt understudy for George Shaw, the regular quarterback, was quitting to study law.

"Any time you can pick up a quarterback for nothing," said Kel-

lett, "you grab him."

Weeb Ewbank, the Colt coach, liked Unitas from the start. He liked him so well that he had no compunction about keeping him as the only reserve quarterback to Shaw, one of the up-and-coming men in the trade.

In the fourth game that season the monstrous Chicago Bear tacklers swarmed in on Shaw and broke his leg. In came Unitas to protect a 21-14 lead. Few men have had less

auspicious debuts.

Unfamiliar with personnel and plays, his timing not sharp, and his confidence not yet developed, Unitas threw a pass on his first play in bigleague ball. It was caught by J. C. Caroline. The trouble was, though, that Caroline wasn't with the Colts. He ran it back for a touchdown for the Bears. With an uncertain Unitas at the controls for Baltimore, the Monsters of the Midway wound up with a romp, 58-27.

Yet Johnny wasn't dismayed. Neither was Ewbank, his coach. Both knew that the boy had had little practice with the varsity backfield. By dint of hard work Unitas kept improving in such spectacular style that he set a rookie record of

55.6% pass completions.

When Shaw was ready to resume as the No. 1 quarterback in 1957, it was no dice. Unitas had become so extraordinarily expert that no one could have dislodged him. He completed 172 of 301 passes for 2,550 vards and 24 touchdowns. By 1958 Shaw was so irked by idleness that he demanded he be traded. So he went to the Giants in 1959.

And Unitas kept getting better and better. The quarterback nobody wanted may yet become the greatest in the history of the sport. Johnny is a firm believer in the adage that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

The fantastic saga of Johnny Unitas won't make a good movie, though. It's much too improbable.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

"Let me know if there is anything I can do." How often have I heard that expression and how often have I used it! Even now, when I sympathize with someone who is having trouble, I find that remark on the tip of my tongue. Then I remember my experience of a few years ago.

My husband had been taken to the hospital for a serious operation. There was some doubt as to the outcome, and I had to face the possibility of a future as a widow with a young son to rear. Everyone said, "Is there anything I can do?" I wanted to say Yes, but I couldn't bring myself to ask for help.

Transportation to and from the hospital was one big problem because it was situated across the city, quite a distance away, and at that time I did not know how to drive. I hated to think of the several hours of bus travel and the long walks to and from the bus stops.

In our community lived a certain Jewish family, one that I had never helped in any way. They seemed to want my friendship, but I had always been too busy for the little tokens of friendliness that mean so much. I was feeling very alone in the world when the phone rang. It was my Jewish neighbor calling. "How soon can you be ready to go to the hospital for a visit?"

Other calls followed. "Can your husband come home this weekend? I have some business to attend to out in that direction." Or, "My wife has some shopping to do, and we can easily pick him up." Sunday evening: "Let us know when he will be ready to go back to the hospital. We feel like taking a ride." (On a wet and cold January night?)

My transportation problems were solved. That family anticipated all my needs. I never had to ask. Most important of all, my husband was spared long, tiring bus rides to and from the hospital. I felt that no matter what happened I could count on these good neighbors for help.

Fortunately, further tests proved the first diagnosis wrong and my husband was released after some two months in the hospital.

Whenever I hear the words, "Love thy neighbor" I think of those Jewish neighbors of mine who seemed to know the words in their true meaning.

Eleanor Delhomme.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Papal Princes

Cardinals were originally the "hinge men"



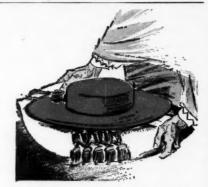
ETER, in approximately 55 A.D., made his way to Rome. There were already Christ-

ians there.

Persecution existed in Rome, as it did wherever the Christians went. The Christians went underground. The Christian community found itself relying increasingly on a group of men who knew their way around Rome. These men knew which Romans would help them and which would not, which could be trusted and which could not. Their ability to open and close influential or threatening doors gave rise to a nickname: they were called hinge men. The Roman word for hinge was cardo.

Cardinals.

Despite the importance of the first cardinals, they were not to assume defined roles in the Church for almost 400 years. Another 500 years were to pass before they became the electors of the Popes. But they were



vital to the Church from the earliest days. The title *hinge men* was secret at first, but was accurate. Because of their quasi-political activities, they were obviously men of experience and wisdom. Upon what they knew and advised, the Church took its first steps on a path that was dark with blood and terror.

It was Pope Urban VIII who, in 1630, gave cardinals the title of "Your Eminence" to distinguish them from bishops and archbishops. Further dignity was added by having the rank itself become part of a man's name. In other words, he was not Cardinal John Smith, but John Cardinal Smith. Cardinals acquired a wardrobe of 50 different ceremonial garments. The two special items were the red hat and the purple coat.

Red-actually scarlet—was the heroic color of heroes, of martyrs, and for cardinals it symbolized a willingness to shed their blood for the Church. Purple was the mark of no-

*© 1960 by Glenn D. Kittler, and reprinted with permission of Funk & Wagnalls, 153 E. 24th St., New York City 10. \$4.95. bility; in old Rome, noblemen could be identified on the street by their purple robes. White was reserved for the rulers: emperors, kings, and Popes. For cardinals, the dominant color was red: red cassocks, red gloves, red shoes. But it was the hat that meant most. In processions of great pomp the cardinals rode majestically on horseback directly behind the Pope, their red hats held in place by golden cords under their chins.

When tragedy struck the Church in 1870, the red hats were permanently put aside. The unification of Italy in that year stripped the Church of her Papal States, made the Popes prisoners in the Vatican, and put an end to public grandeur. The Church went into mourning, and the cardinals were never to wear

the red hats again.

Now, when cardinals are appointed, each kneels before the Pope, who places a scarlet biretta on his head, to be worn, not exactly in place of the red hat but at prescribed religious ceremonies. Even the biretta is not worn habitually but remains on display, on a table between two candles, in the entrance of the cardinal's private residence.

As a hangover of lay investiture, Portugal, Austria, and France are allowed to have the biretta presented to a new cardinal by the head of the government. Pope John XXIII was serving as papal nuncio to France at the time of his appointment as cardinal in 1953 and received his red biretta in Paris from President Vincent

Auriol. In 1946, Pope Pius XII denied Generalissimo Franco the right to make the presentation to new Spanish cardinals, who subsequently had to go to Rome to get their birettas.

After each consistory at which cardinals are appointed, the Popes can, if they wish, announce further secret appointments to the College. This custom, called *in pectore* (in the heart), was started by Pope Martin V (1417-1431) who feared that public appointment might result in physical harm to some of his nominees.

The Pope, by declaring that he has certain men in mind, reserves the right to reveal their names at a safer hour. They thus enter the College with seniority from the date of the *in pectore* announcement.

Some such appointees never receive their red hats because the Pope who chooses them dies before revealing their names. The names usually become known to his successor, but appointments to the College are the personal choice of each Pope. A successor is not obliged to honor them if he does not wish to do so.

(In March, 1960, Pope John XXIII appointed three cardinals in pectore. It was believed that they were residents of communist countries where the honor of their appointments might stir a religious fervor among the people that would bring on further communist pressures.)

At a ceremony the day following

the usual secret consistory, the pontifical hat is brought forward and held over the new cardinals' heads, and the Pope prays: "To the praise of almighty God and the honor of his Holy See, receive the red hat, the distinctive sign of the cardinal's dignity, by which is meant that even until death and the shedding of blood you will show yourself courageous for the exaltation of our holy faith, for the peace and successful living of Christian people, and for the growth of the Holy Roman Church. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The hat is then taken away.

Later the same day Vatican messengers arrive to inform the new cardinal of his appointments to various pontifical congregations. They then present him with the pontifical red hat that had been held over his head during the earlier ceremonies. He is not to wear it. Instead, it is to be stored away and used again only when it is put upon his coffin. After his funeral it is hung from the ceiling of his cathedral as evidence that a prince of the Church had reigned there.

At the final ceremony the new cardinal is given his ring, a sapphire set in gold bearing the Pope's coat of arms, and is told the name of the Roman church to which he has been given title and financial responsibility.

As a cardinal, he receives, as well, various spiritual privileges. Unlike a priest or a bishop, who requires spe-

cial permission to hear Confessions outside his own diocese, a cardinal can carry on his sacerdotal functions wherever he chooses, whenever he wishes. He can choose any priest he wants for his confessor. That man is relieved of other duties so that he can fulfill his new obligations. Further, he can grant indulgences up to 200 days, as well as other spiritual dispensations otherwise reserved for

Popes.

Many of the prerogatives of cardinals have become meaningless with time. For example, it once was the custom that the cardinal's carriage should carry a silk umbrella so that if while riding he came upon a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament on a sick call (which he would recognize by the altar boy ringing a bell as he led the priest along the road) the cardinal would be provided with a covering for his head when he removed his hat in respect. When ordinary progress made it possible for priests to make their sick calls in automobiles the occasion of such an encounter became unlikely.

By adjusting to progress, the Sacred College—indeed the entire Church—sustains its vitality as a living organization in a changing world. If some bit of protocol falls away because a new era dims its intent, the cardinalate loses nothing. On the contrary, by keeping step with a changing world while safeguarding unchanging truths, the Sacred College produces men who give the Church its finest leadership.

Fight Your Phobia!

New light on those distressing psychological dark corners

our fears and phobias, but most of us have them. Some of us have an unreasoning fear of meeting new people; others are afraid of the dark.

We may have a specific phobia about cats or spiders, or being alone, or heights, or open spaces. Phobias are endless. There is hardly any object, place, or situation that somebody doesn't have a phobia about.

If you're an average person, you have at least one phobia. You realize that your fear is completely ridiculous, but you feel powerless to do anything about it. You've tried reasoning with yourself, but that does no good. You've tried ignoring the fear, but that doesn't help either. It still has the power to tie your stomach into knots.

But science has good news for you. Research has discovered a simple formula for getting rid of your phobias. It has been tested on a large number of phobic persons, and it works.

At London's University college, Dr. Nicolas Malleson has made an exhaustive study of fears and phobias. He and a clinical psychologist,



Peter Fletcher, have made some startling discoveries. Their first was that phobias are self-winding—much like certain watches. They next discovered that if you don't permit a phobia to rewind itself it stops, just like the watch, and ceases to plague you.

How does a phobia "rewind" itself? Dr. Malleson's investigations showed that this process occurs during those moments when a person flees from the object of his phobia. This retreat from fear, it was found, powers the self-winding mechanism that keeps the phobia going.

The person who suffers from a cat phobia, for example, feels mounting fear whenever a cat approaches him. He then feels an overpowering urge to escape. As he turns and hurries away, his *immediate* fear feeling is temporarily dispersed, but at the same time his taking refuge in escape validates the fear. Thus enhanced, his fear remains buried, but ready to come forward at the next encounter.

Experiments with subjects suffering from various types of phobias showed that the phobic cycle can be broken simply by making a deliberate effort to fully experience fear without trying to escape from it.

In applying Dr. Malleson's formula, the phobic person is instructed to expose himself progressively to the object or situation which he fears. As he does so, he is to pay close attention to every sensation he feels, so that he fully experiences the un-

pleasant emotions and bodily sensations that are aroused in him.

Thus an agoraphobic person (one who experiences a sense of dread whenever he goes out alone) is told to go to the foot of his front steps. When he has felt so much fear that he cannot feel more (so bored with fear has he become), he is to advance half a block down the street, or until the fear is rekindled. There he is again to stand still and experience his emotions. The process should be continued until relief is felt.

This same principle was applied to all subjects suffering from phobias, however varied. In every case, a little assiduous practice either freed the

BELLING THE CAT

A 37-year-old London woman was admitted to Bethlem Royal hospital because her cat phobia was ruining her life. She told psychiatrists that her father had drowned a kitten before her eyes when she was four. After that, she would scream if she saw a cat on the doorstep.

Recently the house next door to hers stood empty for months, and neighborhood cats made its overgrown garden their playground. The woman became afraid to hang up her wash for fear a cat might come near. She took to walking on the outside edge of the sidewalk, and would not go out at night. She could not bear fur coats, or even to sit

next to a woman wearing one.

Doctors decided to try "behavior therapy." The woman first was offered a piece of smooth velvet to stroke. The velvet was faintly reminiscent of cat fur, but not enough so as to arouse her phobia. Next, she was given an even softer fabric to stroke, then a glove of rabbit fur. At first she became so upset that she had to wrap the glove in a newspaper, but gradually she overcame her fear. Then she put up pictures of cats around her house, and so became accustomed to the sight of them.

The final test came with a kitten chosen for its placidity. A nurse held it while the woman stroked it. Finally she took it into her own lap, and burst into tears: not from distress, but from the joy of conquest. She took the cat home and made a pet of it.

Time (29 Aug. '60).

person completely from his phobia, or so reduced it that it no longer

remained a problem.

If your phobia relates to some object (like spiders, cats, high places) it is easier to cure than a fear related to some specific situation. And there are a great many persons who live in apprehension of impending situations. These can range from a college student's panic at approaching examinations, or a wife's quivering dismay at the thought of another visit from a difficult mother-in-law, to the weak-in-the-knees feeling that may sap an executive's self confidence just before an important meeting with the top brass.

Few of us are immune to fear of at least some of the intimidating situations which life offers recurrently. Will Dr. Malleson's system work in these matters? It will. The formula must be modified a bit to suit individual cases, but the psychological principle is precisely the same.

Dr. Malleson cites the case of a student at London's University college who faced the final examinations for a professional degree. He became so fearful that he was put to bed in an almost hysterical condition. His condition was aggravated by the fact that he had failed a similar examination the term before.

"The principle of the fear-banishing procedure was explained to him," says Dr. Malleson. "He was asked to sit up in bed, and try to feel his fear. He was asked to tell of the crushing consequences that he felt would fol-

low his failure—the derision of his colleagues, disappointment of his family, financial loss. Then he was asked to try to imagine these things happening: the fingers of scorn pointed at him, his wife and mother in tears. At first, as he followed the instructions, his agitation increased, then gradually began to subside. As the effort needed to maintain a vivid imagining increased, the emotion he could summon ebbed.

"Within half an hour he was calm. Before being left alone he was instructed in the exercise of repeating his fears. Every time he felt a little wave of spontaneous alarm he was not to push it aside, but was to augment it, to try to experience it more profoundly. If he did not spontaneously feel fear, then every 20 minutes he was to make a special effort."

The student practiced the exercises assiduously, and by the time of the examination, two days later, he reported himself almost totally unable to feel frightened. He had, in effect, exhausted the fearfulness of the whole situation. He passed his examination without difficulty.

The average person's phobias are seldom as extreme as this young man's. And there are a few who do not have ordinary phobias, but show strong fear reactions to a variety of situations which are bound up with their personality problems. Such persons may not find Dr. Malleson's method effective.

But ordinary persons with fears and phobias should vastly benefit.

Little Joe Comes to America (II)

I get beaten up, go to Japan, and meet a priest who is to change my whole life

HE AMERICAN SERGEANT was very nice when I told him I had to go back to my home in Seoul because my father was very sick. He didn't know that what I had said was one big lie, that I had never known my father, or my mother either, for that matter.

I was only a street kid who had run away from Mama Pak's orphanage when the North Korean communists invaded Seoul. It was just my luck to get mixed up in the fighting and get hurt. But I had come out of it all right. Some American soldiers found me dying in a field and had taken me to their own hospital, where the doctors fixed me up. After that they found odd jobs for me around their camps, and for the first time in my life I was eating regularly and feeling that I belonged to someone.

I liked the Americans so much I began to think I'd like to go to America. I thought all I had to do was go back to Seoul and find the man who sold tickets to America. That's why I had lied to the sergeant

when he asked me about my father.

I told him I might come back soon. He gave me a box of candy to eat on the way. He also pulled \$5 from his pocket and then went around and collected more money from the kitchen crews. "This will help you a little



bit, Joe," he said, handing me \$17. Then he took me down to the motor pool to catch a truck headed for Seoul.

It was about 5 p.m. when I got there. The biggest city in Korea looked like a junk yard. No tall buildings, no streetcars, no nice shops, streets all torn up, blown-up

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tanks here and there—yes, it really was a junk yard.

Seoul was now a very expensive place, and my money flew away fast. My stomach was already so used to good GI food and sweets that I just had to buy them at little Korean shops on the streets.

In one shop I asked the man, "I wonder how some Koreans get to America?"

"Why, son," he replied, "they have passports, but those passports are hard to get. That is why many pay armfuls of money and sneak into America."

His words filled me with joy. I thought I had quite a lot of money left. "Sneak in? You mean the way kids sneak into the movies?" I asked him.

"No, no. See, let's say if I had a truckload of money, I would pay someone to sneak me into America. See?"

But his explanation was not very clear. All I could understand was that part about sneaking in. "How much money would you have to have to sneak in?" I asked.

"Oh, more than you could carry, son—much more. That's the trouble. Money is almost everything."

I went out into the street where some Korean ladies were exchanging GI money for Korean money. I walked up to one lady who looked sincere. "How much do you give for \$1?" I asked her.

"Seven thousand won," she answered.

When I had left the American sergeant I still had about \$65 I had saved up, plus the \$17 he had given me. Now, after five days in Seoul, I had only a little more than \$40 left. I showed that much to the lady, and she was very surprised. She didn't even have enough Korean money to buy it, and had to call her girl friend. I got very nervous over the delay; I knew the no-good Korean police were trying to catch money-changers.

The two ladies finally came back and handed me 280,000 won in 28 big bundles. I did not even count the money; I wanted to get out of that quiet street. But I hadn't gone more than ten steps when I heard a voice behind me. "Boys, look at that stool pigeon for American soldiers," it said. I didn't turn around to look.

"Look at that crazy uniform. Isn't he cute, fellas?" another voice asked. I knew that a whole gang of young

hoods was following me. I made a dash for the open street, but I was too late. Some of the gang quickly stepped in front of me. I could see only four of them. Two were about my own age, maybe 12 or 13, and the other two looked about 15.

"Get out of my way!" I shouted, but I was afraid inside.

"Should I give it to him?" one of the punks asked.

"No," the biggest replied. "I think he will give us the money quietly."

I punched one and kicked another as I tried to break through. I just had to make it to the open street, where a policeman might be around. I struggled, punched, kicked, and

bit, but they had me.

Two of them twisted my right arm behind my back while the big one slapped me across the face. "You should have listened to me, punk," he snarled. He reached into my big GI pockets and took out all 280,000 won. "OK. Let him go," he shouted, and they all took off down the street.

"Boy, those no-good, dirty rats! I knew I should have brought my GI knife with me," I said out loud, watching them disappear into an

alley.

I went back to my hotel, got my bag, and headed for the shop where the man had told me about sneaking into America. Now I just had to get there! After I had shouted at him for the direction to America, he told me my best chance was to go to Pusan, where many ships brought in supplies for the American soldiers. (That was the first I knew you couldn't just walk to America.) He told me where I could get a bus to Pusan.

I was on time for the bus, but it was already crowded. I still had \$10 hidden in my shoes that I hadn't let even myself think about, and I handed it all to the bus driver. He gave me back hardly any change. What a thief!

The bus finally began to move slowly off, making all kinds of noises. After we had ridden for about an hour, it stopped. The driver got out and spent a long time doing things to the engine, but it wouldn't start.

Finally I got out and went up to the driver. "I want my money back, mister!" I told him.

"Beat it, kid," he said, and turned back to the engine. I started shouting that he had taken nearly all my money, and the passengers began looking at him. Finally he gave back part of it, saying, "I took out your fare from Seoul to here."

Instead of Hiking back to my last company, I decided to stay with the 40th Infantry division. They had just come from Japan, and were headed for the front lines. I got a job as a helper in the supply tent.

Then Christmas came, Oh, I had so much fun! I had too much to eat. All the GI's in K company received packages from the States, and they gave me many things. Sergeant Brown told me that Santa Claus might come to see me if I was a good boy. I never got to see Santa Claus, but the men in the company gave me a big surprise. They gave me a box of clothes made in the States, all new: a cowboy hat, cowboy boots, and two toy pistols.

But their gifts only made me more anxious to get to America. When the third month of 1952 came, I was almost ready to start my big trip again. The weather was warm, and my savings were getting bigger.

One day I was in the mess tent, looking through magazines. I looked up, and there was our major and my old Korean friend Jerry!

"Little Joe!" he shouted, and

picked me up. "You look so sharp and so clean!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get all these nice clothes?"

We had much to talk about that night. He told me that he had bought a farm with the money he had saved. He was starting to live a rich man's life, but then the Chinese soldiers had come, and he had to give up the farm and come back to South Korea.

I told him about myself, and of my dream of going to America. I could see that he wasn't enthusiastic, but hated to discourage me. He promised to help me in any way he could, but he needed time to think it over. "Meantime," he said, "promise me not to do any foolish thing. OK, Little Joe?"

I promised.

After a long while Jerry told me that the way to get to America was to go to Japan first. The American command headquarters was there, and if I could just get to Japan, I would have a good chance to stow away on a ship to America. I was to tell the Americans that I was not really a Korean, but that I had come to Korea with the Japanese soldiers during "the big war."

"I, no Korean boy. I, Japanese boy. Home, Fukuoka, Japan. I go back now to find mamasan, papasan," I told Jerry, blinking my big brown eyes.

"That's good, Little Joe," Jerry told me. "Now tell me your name in Japanese."

I told him my name in Japanese.

"Don't try to speak any Japanese," Jerry warned me. "Tell them you remember only a few words. The MP's are very smart. You will have to do this right or you will be in big trouble. I will play the MP's part again. Why did you say you want to go to Japan, little boy?"

The big day came. I got up at four in the morning. Jerry told me not to say good-by to anyone, so I sneaked out of camp as if I were a thief. By noon I was almost halfway to Seoul. My idea was to hitchhike right on to Pusan, and catch a boat for Japan. But I wasn't getting many rides, and my feet were beginning to hurt.

I stopped by a little hill, took my bag off my back, and stretched out, looking up into the blue. I heard a thundering sound. Loom! Sh-er-der-lum! Shoom! Four airplanes without propellers. I had never seen anything go so fast in my life. "Wow!" I yelled as I sat up. If I only had one of those! I could zoom all the way to America!

The airplanes circled a few times and then one by one went down by the rooftops of some GI barracks in the distance. I swung my bag on my back and without hesitation headed directly for the place those planes had landed.

When I got close to the gate, I saw two guards with AP letters on their arms. They looked plenty tough. "Those two will never let me pass the gate even if I tell them I work there," I said to myself gloomily.

I glanced at the watch my GI friends had given me. It was 9 P.M., and dark, but light enough for me to see what I was doing. I took some things out of my bag and threw them over the fence, and then the bag. Then I took off my shoes and threw them over. Next I started to climb the wire in my bare feet. But when I reached the top, there seemed no way to get over the barbed-wire capping.

I dropped to the ground, wondering what to do. Then I spied a broken bottle. A few minutes later, I had dug a big hole under the fence. I crawled through like a rabbit.

I made straight for one of the airplanes on the field. This one didn't have propellers, and in the dark I couldn't find a door, either. At last my hands found a big hole in front. "Good, I found it," I said to myself.

I shoved my bag deep into the hole and then tried to wriggle in myself, but it was too high and slippery. I fell to the ground. "Ouch!" I yelled in Korean. When I realized the noise I had made, it was too late. I heard one of the guards shouting. I ran for the fence. The guard shouted some more, and this time I heard the word "Shoot." I stopped, and a big light was played on me as I clung to the fence.

The guards took me to a tent and pushed me down in a chair. Three more AP's and a lieutenant and a captain came in, all excited. The soldiers who captured me kept telling them I was a North Korean spy.

The captain took me to see the colonel who commanded the base. I told the colonel about how I had come from Japan in 1945 and how I wanted to go home now to find my parents. The colonel listened, then called in a Korean interpreter to ask me more questions. He also had some one ask me questions in Japanese, and I used all the Japanese words Jerry had taught me.

I stayed at the air base for two weeks. Colonel Robenett was very kind to me. I kept asking if he couldn't send me to Japan in one of his planes, but each time he shook his head. "My boss says, 'No can do.'" He tried to get me on a train to Pusan, but the MP's said they had orders not to allow any Koreans to

ride military trains.

As I was leaving the colonel's office, a captain walked in. "Just thought I'd say good-by, colonel," he said. "My plane is leaving in a few minutes."

"Say, aren't your orders cut for Itazuke, captain?" asked the colonel sharply.

"That's right, colonel. So long." The captain saluted and left.

"Come on, Joe," said the colonel to me. "We might get you to Japan yet!" We headed for the runway in the colonel's jeep. He shouted at the pilot to wait for a few minutes, then got on the phone to Seoul.

I heard him talking. "That's right, general. A little Japanese kid. Just give me your OK, general. Yes, a

C-46. But general, he's just a little kid.... I understand, general. Thank you very much just the same."

He looked at me sadly. "I'm sorry, Little Joe. I'll try to put you on one of the trucks to Pusan." Then he saw my tears, and jammed the jeep into gear. "Open up, captain!" he yelled as we roared up. A soldier opened the little door, and the colonel pushed me into the plane.

I looked out the window and saw the colonel in his jeep. "Good-by, Colonel Robenett," I said, though I knew he couldn't hear. "I can never

thank you enough."

I LOOKED DOWN as the GI tents and buildings disappeared below. My eyes filled with tears. "Good-by, Korea; good-by, everybody." I was going to a new life. I saw a white road, perhaps the same road on which I had made the hungry walk from Seoul. Those communists—I could forgive even them now.

I wiped my tears and looked around. The plane was filled with American soldiers. When I glanced at them, each one either winked or smiled at me, though no one spoke.

Almost before I knew it, we had landed in Japan. I grabbed my bags and got ready to jump out. As soon as the door opened I was going to run right over to some other plane that was going to America. Maybe I'd be there by tomorrow night!

But the captain turned me over to the air police at the Itazuke Air Force base. They asked me question after question. They even took my fingerprints and some pictures.

The air police had to keep me until they could think of some way to get rid of me. They put me in the back part of the "investigating room" with a Japanese interpreter. Instead of learning English, I was learning Japanese, and my mind was all mixed up with Korean, English, and Japanese. I was a confused boy.

One day, an air-police lieutenant took me for a ride. I was nervous as the jeep sped toward Fukuoka. Maybe someone had found out that I had lied. Or maybe they had decided to put me in a Japanese orphanage.

The jeep stopped in front of a big white building. Police station! When I saw the police cars outside, my

heart began to pound.

"Please come in, lieutenant," a Japanese in plain clothes said. He motioned us to two chairs, but I remained standing, and my eyes quickly went over the whole room. I noticed a pistol hanging on the wall beside the desk, next to a hat. The Japanese man stopped talking to the lieutenant and said something in Japanese into a little box on his desk.

A door opened and a Japanese policeman in uniform brought in a Japanese couple. They stared at me and then spoke excitedly to the man behind the desk.

The plain-clothes man looked up, and said to me, "Do you recognize

these people?"

I nearly fell flat on my back. "That's what you get," I told myself,

"for lying about your parents." To the lieutenant I merely said, "No, sir," and kept my face expressionless.

The Japanese couple handed a picture to the policeman. He studied the picture for a few minutes, and handed it to the lieutenant. "This is a picture of their lost son," he explained. "Their six-year-old son disappeared about the time the last war was ending. They are sure this is the boy, but they can't prove it. What do you think, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant turned to me. "Joe, I think we found your parents!"

"No, lu-ten't. Liter Joe know his parents when he see. They no my parents!" I didn't even glance at the

picture.

The Japanese couple were dressed very nicely, and they told the policeman they didn't have any children. The man was about 60 and the woman about 55. Even if I was not their son, I could have had a good life with them. Besides, they looked pretty rich to me.

"Really, Joe, how did you know these people were not your parents?" asked the lieutenant after we got

back to the base.

I kept silent, but I was thinking. Yes, how did I really know they were not my parents? Did I ever see my parents? Perhaps they really were! Maybe I did the wrong thing.

THE LIEUTENANT became my friend. His name was Andrew Patten. He would take me many places in his airpolice jeep, and even to the officers'

club for juicy steak dinners. One night we were greeted by an American lady as we walked into the service club. "Hi, lieutenant!" she said, smiling. "Who's your friend there?"

"This is Little Joe," Lieutenant Patten replied. It was nice of him not to say anything more about me.

"Hello, Little Joe." The American lady stooped low to shake my hand. "I'm Marge Binder. I work here. Would you like to work for me, here in the service club, Little Joe?"

I didn't answer.

"You will be paid, and you will have loads of fun, too," she urged. It sounded good, but I never trusted anyone until I got to know them.

"Yes. I work. I work hard," I

finally answered her.

"Good. You can start right now. I'll show you what to do. Come along, Little Joe," Miss Binder said.

I enjoyed working at the service club. Every day I cleaned pool tables, Miss Binder's office, the other game tables, and the floor on Saturdays. The job was easy, because there were plenty of Japanese to help. I ate at the airmen's mess hall and slept in the air-police investigation room. And every night I went down to the base movie.

Miss Binder was always looking after me. "What did you eat today, Little Joe?" she would ask.

"Milk shake and hamburger," I

would answer.

"But Joe, you can't live on milk shakes and hamburgers! You need three full meals every day! How else are you going to grow big and strong, eh? Why didn't you go to the mess hall today?"

"Too lazy, Miss Binder."

And she was always telling me to get a haircut, brush my teeth, carry a handkerchief, comb my hair, wear my coat, not say this or that word, and get a good night's rest. It was good to have someone who cared about me. The only times I didn't like her was when she tried to find out more about me. Sometimes she spoke as if she knew I was a Korean.

Toward the end of my first month in Japan, I met a great big soldier in the service club. I'd been promoted, and was now working behind the information desk. This big lieutenant came in, and spoke to me very friendly. "May I help you, lu-ten't?" I asked.

"Hello, boysan," he said. "I saw you the other night in the movie, and I was thinking what a fine boysan you are."

"Thank you, sir," I replied respect-

fully.

He began coming into the service club regularly. This surprised me, for I knew our part of the club was for airmen, not for officers. The officers had their own club. Somebody explained that he wasn't an ordinary officer, but a chaplain, Chaplain Donald Werr.

He was always smiling, and always very nice to me. "Hello, Little Joe," he would call cheerily whenever he walked in the door. We became friends in no time. We were always playing ping-pong or going

to the movies together.

It was wonderful having nice friends like Lieutenant Patten, Marge Binder, and Chaplain Werr. The more I trusted them, the more I thought I should tell them the truth. As long as they thought of me as a Japanese, there seemed no chance of my going to America. Besides, my conscience was bothering me day and night.

One day as I was cleaning the pool tables, Marge called me into her office. Chaplain Werr was sitting on a wooden chair. I thought, "Oh, oh, I don't know what I did, but I sure am in for trouble."

"Little Joe," Marge said, "we have been trying to find your parents in Fukuoka, but we aren't having any luck. It has been over two months since you came to Itazuke. Well, Joe, you just can't stay on the base forever. Don't you think you should tell us more about yourself and your parents so we will be able to locate your mother and father?"

I did not answer her, but turned my head toward the window.

"Yes, Little Joe, why don't you tell us what you really know about your parents? We all want to help you, you know," Chaplain Werr finally put in.

"Sorry, I got no parents," I admitted, and hung my head. "I lie."

"Yes, we know you did, but why?"
Marge asked me sharply.

"Because I want to go to America,"

I answered her, with my head low.
"Who put you up to this? Who
told you to lie?" Marge asked. I didn't

answer her.

"Yes, Little Joe," said Chaplain Werr in a more gentle voice, "lying is bad. Who told you to lie?"

"I, sir," I answered without raising

my head.

"You are lying again," Marge said in an angry voice. "Why don't you tell us the whole truth now? Why didn't you tell us the truth so that we could help you sooner? Why do you want to cause all these troubles?"

"Do you want to start from the be-

ginning, Joe?" Chaplain Werr asked, his hand on my shoulder.

I broke down in tears. I let my angry and loud voice come out. "I don't know my mother and father! Never see them! I have nobody! Don't want to live like dog in Korea. I want to have friends, go to school, eat good food, and laugh, not cry! Go ahead. . . . I go back to Korea if you want. . . . I plenty sorry. You send me back!"

I got up suddenly to run out.

I didn't know it then, but Father Werr was to change my whole life. (To be concluded)



THE PERFECT ASSIST

My husband and I were driving along a dusty, bumpy road in Zululand, in Southeast Africa. We got held up behind a large van driven by a taxidermist. Our old car didn't have much speed, so for mile after mile we crawled and choked and speezed in a whirl of dust.

At last my husband could stand it no longer. He desperately pressed the accelerator hard, and to our gratified surprise we sailed past the taxidermist, enveloping him in dust. My husband, joyfully hugging the wheel, continued at higher speed.

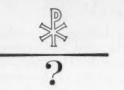
Alas for our brief triumph! We rounded a bend too sharply, went off the road, and found ourselves axle-deep in sand. The nearest garage was 20 miles away.

Along came the taxidermist. He stopped, and in a twinkling had everything organized. His two native assistants and my husband (looking somewhat chastened) worked under his direction. Before long they had the car back on the road.

My husband shamefacedly stammered his thanks, but the taxidermist silenced him with a wave of his hand.

With a gentle smile he said, "What a blessing that you passed me! Otherwise I wouldn't have known you were bogged." Mrs. R. V. Hodgkiss.

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Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I would like to know why it is considered a sin to attend another church, other than the Catholic. This, to me, is most unfair. I can see no harm in it, after attending your own, that is. Every church is the house of God, even though the

teachings may differ.

When I hear a Catholic say it is a sin to go to another church I can only think that the Church is afraid of losing her people. If one is a true believer in his religion then he will not go astray. If he is not, then he doesn't belong there anyway. (By this I mean that if he is not a true believer in the Catholic faith, he should not be a Catholic.)

I have been to the Catholic church, Baptist, Lutheran, etc., and to my own Greek Orthodox church. I feel that I am a better and more intelligent person for it, because it is both educational and interesting to see the worship of others. It has not harmed my own personal beliefs one bit, and has helped me to understand others better.

V. Rentas.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

Miss Rentas, you would understand the Catholic position if you would thoroughly consider one of the basic teachings of the Church: that historically, and with explicit intent and purpose, Jesus Christ established a Church, and only one Church. He expects all men to be members of it, to worship God in it, and to be instructed and sanctified through it. He remains with it, lives in it, and acts through it. It is his own mystical Body: a spiritual extension of Himself which embraces all of us, its members, into sanctifying union with Him.

Now I don't expect you to agree right off that the Catholic Church is the one and only Church established by Jesus Christ; that He wants everyone to belong to it; and that it is the only institution He put on earth for the salvation of men. All I ask is that you appreciate that this is our belief, and that we are very definite and firm about it.

I will not give a detailed list of our reasons for this belief. I answered a question much like yours in the February CATHOLIC DIGEST. But our conviction comes from our understanding of the teaching and sanctifying purpose of our Saviour; from a study of his life, example, and words; from his choice and training of the Apostles and the various powers and commissions He gave them; from his special selection of Peter as head of his Church; and from his repeated prayer that all might be one in Him. It is based on the history of the early Church as found in the Acts of the Apostles and the writings of the early Fathers. And it conforms also to our understanding of man and his spiritual needs.

From this conviction that we have the only true Church of Jesus Christ results a direct implication which must be unpleasant to you, and to anyone who belongs to another church. In the words of Christ we find no evidence that He established or wanted a variety of denominations. And we cannot find it historically reasonable that a church which came into existence 1,000 or 1,500 years after the time of Christ could be his own authentic establishment.

Catholic teaching on this point is generally regarded as arrogant. We would be better accepted if we would drop this narrow notion. The trouble is that it is an essential part of our understanding of the mission of Christ in the world. It is through the Church that He teaches us in a reliable manner the truths of revelation. It is through the Church that He unites us to Himself in sanctifying embrace. And it is through the Church that He wants us to worship God in union with Him, and with the Sacrifice He gave us.

I emphasize this doctrine because in it is the reason for our attitude towards participation in the services of other churches. If all churches were equally true, all in similar manner a part of the mystical Body of Christ, then I would agree thoroughly with the implications of your question, Miss Rentas. We should broaden our experience, run around to various services, seek out the best sermons and most inspiring music, and finally affiliate with the congregation which we find most congenial and helpful.

On the other hand, the person who accepts our doctrine of the one

true Church is rather overwhelmed by the aggressive indifferentism in the world.

It is aggressive because its adherents are not content with being indifferent themselves; they insist that everyone else should be indifferent, too. They are far from indifferent with people who refuse to be indifferent. They attack our firm position, claiming that they represent liberalism, tolerance, and intellectual alertness as opposed to the stubborn obstinacy of our prejudiced minds.

Our unwillingness to have anything much to do with the religious services of other churches is largely a protection against this encroaching indifferentism. If I were to run around to other churches, taking part in their worship as the spirit moved me, I would certainly give external approval to the basic principle of indifferentism: that one church is as good as another. And it would not be long until I absorbed that same spirit myself; and it would dig insidiously at the roots of my Catholic faith.

Seldom would we find in any Christian church a method of worship which is objectionable in itself. We all worship the one true God, and we express our love and adoration in song and prayer. In your own church, Miss Rentas, you share with us the true Sacrifice of Jesus Christ and his grace-giving sacraments. I have deep veneration for your Sacred Liturgy; it brings Jesus to your altar and recalls in effective manner his



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redemptive death on the cross. But I do not join you in it because I would thereby give seeming approval to the sad separation of your Church from the one your forefathers adhered to for centuries.

I could more easily enter into the worship of your Church than that of Protestant denominations. You have carefully retained all the essentials of the worship designed by Jesus Christ. They have discarded many parts-or even all of it-and have substituted methods of their own. These methods may be good and inspiring, but my acceptance of them would endorse another type of indifferentism: the notion that manmade services are as good as those given us by Jesus Christ in his death agony on Calvary.

I am perfectly free to join with my Protestant friends in private, or unofficial prayer-in family devotions or civic invocation-as long as my joining does not encourage religious indifferentism in them or in myself. I may not let it be interpreted as giving my approval to their church or to their officially designed

methods of worship.

One point I must make clear: our conviction that we belong to the one true Church does not make us immediately intolerant or even intolerable. Catholic doctrine has great respect for the sincerity of the individual conscience. The attitude of a Catholic who understands his faith should be governed by his neighbor's integrity. Good faith may, in the mercy

of God, often produce the same sanctifying effects as the true faith.

Even though salvation be only through the one true Church we do not thereby imply that either you or our Protestant brethren are individually deprived of sanctity or of the means of getting to heaven. Your honest good faith unites you in implicit desire to the one Church of Christ, through which salvation comes.

As long as you have that good faith, Miss Rentas, you as a member of the Orthodox church are in a particularly sound position. You retain almost all of the teachings of Jesus Christ, together with the incalculable spiritual advantages of the Mass and the sacraments. You have them in all their original form and efficacy, just the same as we have them, and they will sanctify you, just as they do us, when you receive them

sincerely and devoutly.

Our Protestant friends also retain many of the essential spiritual things which Jesus gave us. Among these are belief in the one true God and in the three divine Persons: faith in Iesus Christ our Saviour, the eternal Son of God; the example of his life and the inspiration of his teachings; Baptism to confer divine life; and a spirit of love and repentance to obtain forgiveness for sins. We know how upright and devout many Protestants are; we know that the graces of Jesus Christ will work wonders in their souls.

So the true Catholic must be toler-

ant, filled with love and understanding for those whom he believes to be in error. He must not equate error with truth, but he must respect convictions. He must never try to force a conscience, impose beliefs, or deprive of personal rights because of honest error. He must hold every man to be sincere until evidence proves the contrary—and even then his love must fail not.

But your question isn't really about tolerance in general, but about the precise point of our taking part in non-Catholic religious services. The Church has a definite law on this point, and I will give you my own translation of the Latin in which it is expressed in Canon 1258 of the Code of Canon Law.

"It is not permitted for the faithful to actively assist in any way or to take part in the worship of non-Catholics.

"Passive or merely material presence may be permitted as a civic duty or courtesy, for a serious reason, which is to be judged by the bishop in case of doubt, in the funerals, weddings, and similar solemnities of non-Catholics, provided there is no danger of abuse or scandal."

Laws are formal and often forbidding statements. The practical interpretation of this law depends on many factors. For instance, its application is much different for us who live in communities which are predominantly Protestant than for people in strong Catholic countries. We have much more reason to attend



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various religious functions. Our neighbors, friends, and relatives are involved in them. If we refused to attend we would give offense; and there is seldom danger that our attendance will be misinterpreted.

Certainly no Catholic in our country should hesitate to attend the funeral of a non-Catholic relative, friend, or business associate. It is a gesture of sympathy, respect, brother-

ly love, and civic solidarity.

In most places in our country a Catholic need not hesitate to accept the honor of being pallbearer in non-Catholic services. I say in most places, because a few dioceses may have special regulations, or local circumstances might change the aspect of things.

We can be almost as free in our attendance at a marriage—as long as it is the proper union of two non-Catholics who are free to enter into it. The marriage of divorcees presents a special problem; and generally no Catholic should attend such

a ceremony.

Marriage is a less sensitive occasion than a funeral, but family relationships and friendship impose social obligations which cannot be ignored. However, the problem of being a member of the wedding party is a bit complicated. In various places there are diocesan regulations on the subject, and these must be observed. The law says that the bishop is to decide in case of doubt; and naturally some bishops are stricter than others. My own opinion

inclines to leniency, especially where relatives and close friends are involved. But I advise that a Catholic should not follow my general opinion; he should consult a local priest.

Some time ago I personally attended a ceremony of ordination in an Episcopal church. The new priest was the son of a close and long-time friend. His father did not think I was reneging on my conviction—often expressed in banter—that Anglican orders are invalid. He knew I was not suddenly forgetting the Catholic "intolerance" of which he had often accused me. But he was much aware that I was joining in the joy and pride of his family.

Suppose me to be in danger of death in one of the Iron Curtain countries. I cannot find a Catholic priest. I am conscious of sin, unsure of my contrition, and aware of the need of the sacrament of Penance to complete my forgiveness. In such circumstances I would call on one of your Orthodox priests and ask him

for that sacrament.

These examples are presented to show you that we are not as intransigent as we are often thought to be. We are simply careful to avoid giving encouragement to religious indifferentism, or seeming approval to doctrinal error. We are not insensitive to the religious fervor and sincerity of our neighbors, nor do we approve of Catholic ghettos in which we would shirk our civic and social obligations as good brothers, friends, and neighbors.

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Our Lord's Life

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

men of each age have scanned the life of Jesus, bringing out of it new values, intuitions, and inspirations. We are wonderfully fortunate this year, on the edge of the Christmas season, that two noted European artists have combined their talents for a new presentation of the life of Jesus. Our Lord's Life is his story in memorable words and original water colors.

Amelia Tondini Melgari has written a text as limpid as spring water. The brilliant Irina Kessler has added, page by page, exquisite water colors that bring our Lord into minds and hearts with haunting beauty.

The book opens with delightful color representations of the symbolic signs by which the Evangelists are known: St. Matthew with pen in hand; St. Mark by a lion; St. Luke by an ox; and St. John by an eagle. These are followed by glowing water-color portraits of the Evangelists, heading the sections in which they introduce themselves to us.

How charmingly they do so is well exemplified by the words of St. Matthew:

"Once I was a tax collector, I used

to sit at my post by the lake at Capharnaum and see that the traders paid up their taxes. Those who did as I did were called publicans, and were despised by the other Jews. One day I saw a very handsome man passing by.

"I asked those who were near me, 'Who is He?'

"They answered, 'He is Jesus the Nazarene, a wonderful man: He heals the sick and He speaks words

of great wisdom.'

"That day when I first saw Jesus I did not think any more about the taxes. My thoughts kept returning to this man, to the light in his eyes and the tone of his voice. And I thought about Him the next day and also during those which followed. I had only one wish: to see the man from Nazareth once again.

"I saw Him again. And He spoke

to me. He said, 'Follow Me.'

"There was nothing in the world I wanted to do more. So I replied, 'Here I am.' And to celebrate this great event, I gave a farewell party that same evening at my home, and Jesus and his disciples came."

Having told us the necessary things about themselves, the Evangelists take us through all the significant joys, sorrows, and glories of

Jesus.

We watch Him working his great miracles, enunciating his doctrine, and establishing his kingdom. The delicate beauty of the colored pictures, which are all original and have never appeared in this country before, transfigures the sense of the text all the way through until that wonderful day when He ascended into heaven.

"As he rose up He blessed men, all men, even those who had done him harm. Then, slowly, he disappeared: a cloud of purple and gold hid him from the sight of the Apostles, who worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem rejoicing because this was his hour of triumph."

Here is a book that will make the ideal Christmas gift. Old or young, saint or sinner, will find in its pages a treasure that will grow in impor-

tance through the years.

A Christmas gift of continuing beauty is hard to find, even after tiresome searching. This book makes your shopping convenient and easy, and, at the price offered club members, is a value you cannot duplicate elsewhere.

Our Lord's Life is a Hawthorn Books publication, at \$3.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 110, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13. See announcement on page 33.

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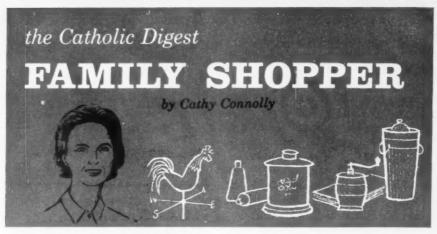
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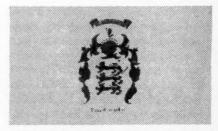
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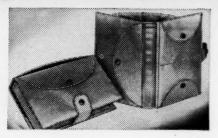
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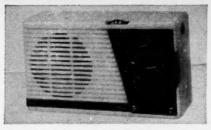
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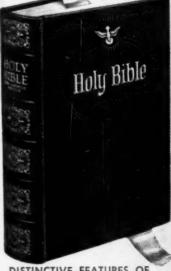
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